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WIT AND HUMOUR.

Shirley Brooks.

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WIT AND HUMOUR

(Poems from "Punch")

BY

Chas SHIRLEY BROOKS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE EVE OF ST. GUY	1
THE MERCHANT PRINCE	3
FAREWELL TO THE CAMP	5
JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND	7
THE EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC	9
BAYONET AND CHISEL	10
THE RUSSIAN LOCHINVAR	13
GALLANT BLAST FROM THE GOLDEN HORN	15
REASONS AGAINST REFORM	18
TALFOURD	21
A VISION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE	24
MORAL FOR LEAP YEAR	28
GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE	29
BROWN AND JONES	30
DAGON	32
JACK AND LADY NANCY	33
SINK-WE SCENTO	35
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT ALDERMAN	36
THE ADULTERATOR'S ALPHABET	45
PUNCH TO THE SMOKING WORLD	47
DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT	48
LONDON BELLS	49

PAGE

THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD . . . 50
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA 54
THE BURNING OF THE PLAY-HOUSE 59
MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER BRIGHT 62
SEAL FOR THE SENATE OF SEWERS 63
MY SISTER-IN-LAW 64
THE TREATY EXPLAINED 66
POEM BY A PERFECTLY FURIOUS ACADEMICIAN . . 70
THE SMILES OF PEACE 70
THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR 73
A CALL ON HALL 74
POEM BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY . . . 76
A LESSON FOR LADIES 77
THE TEN TOWNS 78
SONG BY A CAGED BIRD 81
THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL 82
THE MUD-FISH 84
RUSSELL'S LECTURES 85
O SHAM, WHERE IS THY BLUSH? 87
MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP 87
THE DEMONS OF PIMLICO 87
A ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE 91
A COUNTERBLAST FOR PUFFING 92
LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM 93
A VISION OF SIREN SOUP 94
MERCATOR 98
METALLIC OPERATIONS 99
TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAM 99
SO MOST PEOPLE THINK 100
TO DISRAELI 100
HAVELOCK 101
WHAT JENNER SAID 102

PAGE

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW 102
MAINTENANT DONC 102
SAM 103
ADIEU TO THE COMET 106
THE STORY OF THE BURNS' FESTIVAL 109
HINT TO AN OLD PARTY 117
KEEP IT DRY 117
THE CIPHERING BOY 119
AD ARABELLAM 120
"WHO HAS TAKEN AWAY MY SCISSORS?" 120
TOLERABLY SAFE 120
HORACE FOR LADIES 121
VESTIGES OF CREATION 126
THE VAN-DEMON 128
THE LION AND THE EAGLES 129
INFALLIBILITY'S FOUR REASONS 131
COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS 132
PUNCH TO CAVOUR 133
THE ENGLISH VANDAL 134
THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION 136
EXPERIENTIA DOCET 138
A REAL IMPOSITION 138
LEAVES AND FLOWERS 139
THE MORTARA STORY AND MORAL 139
THE WEED AND THE FLOWER 140
AN ORLEANS PLUM 141
MOT FOR JUNE 18TH 142
TUPPER'S THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST 142
AN XXXELLENT CHOICE 143
DREARY SONG FOR DREARY SUMMER 144
SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY 145
VICTORIA'S MID-DAY REVIEW 146

PAGE

SENTIMENT AT THE OPERA 149
AN AWKWARD MEMORANDUM 149
THE BABY IN THE HOUSE 150
DELENDA EST 153
DESTRUCTION OF TISSUE 155
THE EGG AND THE YOKE 156
REFORMING THE REFORMER 156
HOMAGE TO THE SCOTCH RIFLES 158
CLOSE'S GUSH OF GRATITUDE 158
POET CLOSE CHANGES HIS MIND 160
A NEW RHYME TO AN OLD LINE 162
RULE SLAVEOWNIA 163
PAM UPON THE HEIGHTS 164
THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN 165
ALBERT 167
DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM— 170
THE VARIATION HUMBUG 172
ABORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS 175
POEM BY VICTOR HUGO 176
THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN 179
A REVIVED POET 181
THE GEM OF THE SHOW 182
HINTS FOR PENSIVE PUFFS 184
AN AMERICAN LYRIC 187
KELLY IN VERSE 189
THE CAMBRIDGE DUET 192
BEATITUDE IN BAKER STREET 193
EXCHANGE OF WIGS 195
WELLY CLAMMING 196
BLACK INGRATITUDE 197
JUMP OUT OF THE BAG, PUSS 198
PUNCH TO PRINCE RUPERT 198

PAGE

THE PALACE OF ART 199
THE NATAL CORRESPONDENCE 199
SECOND INSTALMENT 200
PAPAL SHORTCOMINGS 202
THE FEAST OF LANTERNS 202
LOYAL WHISPER TO A ROYAL RECLUSE 207
THE NILE SONG 208
ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE 210
BREAD AND TOAST. 213
A PRACTICAL ANSWER 214
THE BANTING CODE 214
"WHO'S GRIFFITH?" 215
MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD . . 216
NURSERY RHYME 217
ONE FOR HIM 217
FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS 218
NATURAM EXPELLES FURCA—RECURRET . . . 218
COLENSO THE BRAVE 219
THE WALLACE TOWER 221
HOME THEY BROUGHT 222
MAKE HIM A PEER 223
BURGLARIOUS JIM 223
THEOLOGICAL HOROLOGY 225
A HINT 226
PALMERSTON 226
"KINGS BEGGED OF A BEGGAR" 229
MNEMOSYNE 230
NEW PROVERB 232
POOR RICHARD IMPROVED 233
PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT 233
THE FIERY CHARIOT 233
REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC 234

PAGE

THE BOLD GOVERNOR EYRE AND THE BULLS OF EXETER HALL 238
THE LAMBETH CATCH 240
DE ASINIS NIL NISI BONUM 240
THE BAKERS 242
"I WILL STAND BY MY FRIEND" 243
GLADSTONE UNMASKED 244
THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD 246
"ANOTHER WAY" 248
ST. PATRICK THE PROTESTANT 248
THE ACADEMY DINNER 250
THE ASSOCIATES' SUPPER 253
OUR PARTING KICK TO 1866 255
MUSÆ CANORÆ 257
A CHIVALRIC BALLAD 258
ACADEMY CATALOGUE, 1867, NO. 1106 262
CHANT OF SMALL CRITICS 262
DO YOU REMEMBER THE EPIGRAM ON BISHOP AND PICKPOCKET BARRINGTON? 264
A RICH COLE MINE 264
DISRAELI'S DISPENSATION 269
PAX LOQUITUR 270
OLD JOKE FROM THE OLD SCHOOL 272
NICKLEDY NOD 273
FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT 275
HE WON'T BE A MASON 277
POEM BY LORD WINCHELSEA 279
"OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND" 282
DIOMEDES ON THE HIPPOPHAGI 283
TO MY BELOVED VESTA 283
& 284
ON A DOWNY BLUSTERER 286

PAGE

DUNCE DUNSTAN 287
TO SIR EDWIN 287
AT LEAST 287
THE NEW L. J. C. 288
GIULIA GRISI 288
PUNCH TO WALES 289
WHY THE VIADUCT ISN'T OPENED 292
DERBY 293
"GIB" 293
FOUND AT RICHMOND 294
HYMN TO ST. TROFIMUS 297
TWO WRETCHES 302
ANOTHER VERSION 302
ON A THEATRICAL NUISANCE 304
"RELIABLE" 304
TO PRESIDENT ODGER 305
THE SWORD OF MERCY 306
WELL SAID, SIRE 306
PROBATUM EST 307
A THOUGHT IN THE TOWER 307
HONOURS DESERVED 308
ON A FALSE RUMOUR 308
STAMPS IN LETTERS 308
POETIC CLASSICS FOR PROSAIC RÉADERS . . . 309
WAGGAWOCKY 311
THE GOLDEN RULE 312
A FOOL'S PARADISE 313
ANATHEMA IN EXCELSIS 313
WHAT ELSE DID HE DO? 313
WHAT THE BOX SAYS 314
LATEST FROM NEWGATE 314
"WHY SHOULD THE POOR BE FLATTERED" . . . 314

PAGE

TO THE STATE COACHMAN 317
THE VERY LAST IDYLL 318
RITUAL AND RAPPING 323
A MOTTO VINDICATED 324
OUR CONCESSION TO ROME 324
FIRST NEWS OF THE "CHALLENGER" 325
A HINT 325
DON'T WE? 326
ELECTION EPIGRAMS 326
THE SITUATION 328

INTRODUCTION.

It was in 1852 that Shirley Brooks first began to write for *Punch*. From that time, even down to the week of his death, there was no more regular, constant or hard-working contributor to its pages than its late editor. During those years, so close and cordial became the connection between my father and the readers of that publication that his writings, although unsigned, were for the most part immediately recognised on their appearance. Thus it was generally known, for example, that the series of papers entitled "The Naggletons" was his, that "Epicurus Rotundus" was his genial *nom de plume*, and that the weekly treatment of political affairs in the form of "The Essence of Parliament" was entirely his own inspiration.

With regard to his poems and shorter pieces, the case was somewhat different. Detached in form and interest, and in many cases depending on topics of an ephemeral nature, in their present condition, they

seemed likely to be lost in the forgotten pages of back volumes. So that acting from opinions expressed in the public journals, and from advice bestowed on me by friends, I have endeavoured to select some of my father's more noteworthy poetical contributions to *Punch*, and to give them to the public in a more convenient and readable form—in the present little book.

The one great difficulty that I have had to contend with throughout has been a superfluity of material. The fact that there were over six hundred pieces of verse from which to make this collection, proves in itself the fertility of my father's brain, and the rapidity with which he worked. And it should also be borne in mind how these poems were written. There was no time for choosing of epithets, for weighing of phrases, for polishing of lines; there was no time to wait for favourable seasons and conditions; they had to be written from week to week in whatever bodily pain or mental grief their author might chance to be. Many of the epigrams in this volume, which seem the most highly polished, were written off impromptu; and even of the longer poems—to give an example of the rapidity with which they were produced—"The Rime of the Ancient Alderman" was begun

and finished in an hour. It was a proud boast of my father's that, during his long connection with journalism, he had never kept the printer waiting for "copy," and a son might be allowed to add the prouder boast, that, during that long career, a line never came from his pen that was otherwise than wholly pure.

A melancholy interest attaches itself to the last two pieces in this volume. They were written by my father on his death-bed, and before they were fairly before their readers, the brain that had contrived them was still, and the hand that had executed them was cold for ever.

Holding that the fewer notes given in a book of this description, the better, I have only added them when they seemed absolutely necessary, and then always as briefly as possible.

REGINALD SHIRLEY BROOKS.

May, 1875.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

(Poems from "Punch.")

THE EVE OF ST. GUY.

(*From the "Galway Vituperator."*)

"Parliament will meet on the Fourth of November."—*Times.*

UNPARALLELED insult! More Saxon oppression!
Another foul blow at the Church that they hate!
Oh! was there no day for commencing their Session
But that most disgusting and Protestant date?
No hour when our dastardly foes could assemble
Their hypocrite horde in their shopkeeper sty;
But the Eve of the Feast at whose mention they tremble
—Those skulking assassins—the Eve of St. Guy.

Yet, ha! let us thank them—aye, thank them sincerely;
Their blunder its venomous enmity baulks,
And the Commons of England shall rue very dearly
The taunt that presumed to remind us of Fawkes.

Yes, Guido the gallant, thy torch, though unlighted,
Has lighted a flame we will never let die,
And in awful debates shall the scoff be requited
That summon'd the House on the Eve of St. Guy.

Aye, Martyr the Matchless—(forgive the misnomer,
Thy bundle of matches one moment forgot)—
We come for a battle more deadly than Homer
Could sing, were he extant, which Homer is not,
The Irish Brigade, in a holy alliance
No Saxon shall browbeat, no heretic buy,
Bids the vile English boors a tremendous defiance—
The fight to begin on the Eve of St. Guy.

By our rites and our wrongs! By those Virgins you slaughtered
(Whose children shall yet for red vengeance arise)
By the gallons of whiskey so brutally watered
To suit the mean gauge of your hateful Excise:
By Brian Boroo, and that other O'Brien
Deposed and deported—to reign by-and-bye—
We swear that in future the cowed British Lion
Shall howl when he thinks of the Eve of St. Guy.

For we'll better the lesson of Guido, your victim,
Whose failure alone can be counted his crime;
The minions of Protestant tyranny nicked him,
As the saint was proceeding to kindle the "prime."

More neatly we'll manage *our* Popish Aggression—
('Tis bless'd by Our Lady Who Winks With Each Eye)—
We'll blow England up every night of the session
She dares to commence on the Eve of St. Guy.

1852.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

"A very fulsome address was presented to Napoleon III. by a deputation of bankers and merchants of the city of London. The matter was brought before Parliament, but was allowed to drop through."

THE Merchant Prince of England,
What a glorious name he bears!
No minstrel tongue has ever sung
The deeds the hero dares.
Enlist that soldier in your cause,
No dangers bar his way,
But gallantly he draws his—cheque,
If the Cause will only pay.

Where Freedom waves her banners
He stands her champion bold,
The noble English merchant Prince
For her unlocks his gold.
For her the Prince's glowing pulse
With generous ardour thrills,
If only sure that Freedom
Will duly meet her bills.

When scarce the gory bayonet
Upholds the Despot's throne,
The Merchant Prince, all chivalry,
Springs forward with a loan.
And vain a nation's cry to scare
That dauntless friend-in-need,
Provided only that the loan
Is safely guaranteed.

See, where a sovereign's crown rewards
A venturous Parvenu,
Crouches the Merchant Prince to kiss
His royal brother's shoe.
For trampled law, for broken vow,
No doit his Princeship cares,
If that salute can raise an eighth
His gain on railway shares.

You Christian of the slop-shop,
And you usurious Jew,
Assert your royal blood, for both
Are Merchant-Princes, too.
One common creed unites you,
Devout professors of it,
"There's but one Allah—Mammon,
And Cent. per Cent.'s his profit."

What, blame some petty huckster,
That his vote is bought and sold :
What, chide some wretched juryman
That he blinked at guilt, for gold :
What, whip some crouching mendicant,
Who fawned that he might eat—
With the Merchant Prince of England
At the Third Napoleon's feet?

1853.

FAREWELL TO THE CAMP.

A LYRIC FOR THE 20TH AUGUST, 1853.

(*From* COWPER.)

A military camp was held during the summer months at Chobham, and became a favourite place of resort for Londoners.

THE Camp has departed !—farewell the parade,
And the earth-shaking march of the stern Colonnade :*
The bands play no longer from manuscript leaves,
Nor detectives prowl stealthily watching the thieves.

The City of War, which immense fun we've had in
Is fled like the palace that flew with Aladdin ;
And musketry's crack, and artillery's roar
Astonish the echoes of Chobham no more.

* A Colonnade is that which consists of columns. The British Army consists thereof. Therefore the British Army is a Colonnade. —WALKER.

The Lancer in scarlet, the Rifle in green,
And the Horse-guard in blue, have abandoned the scene;
And we've witness'd the last of the blood-stirring frays
Where gallop'd in glory those terrible Greys.

No longer in toothsome libation is spilt
The Dew that is dear to the sons of the kilt;
No longer falls plashing in pleasantness here,
The frothy cascade of the black British beer.

O! Chobham Olympics, your games are all done,
The last close is wrestled, the last race is run,
The stone's "put" away, to the leap-frog there's truce,
And the ultimate caber is pitched to the deuce.

Rejoice in thy stable, thou omnibus steed!
For thee the campaign-times were wiry indeed,
No more shalt thou toil on that villanous road,
With a cargo of snobs for thy heart-breaking load.

Weep, rascally drivers of ramshackle flies,
Adieu your extortions, your sauce, and your lies,
Farewell to that Station, the cheating point where
You've so oft charged a pound for a two shilling fare.

Well, everything passes: a Camp like the rest,
But this ends while its novelty still has a zest;
And we're free to confess that we see with regret
The Flutters Hill's sun, like the Austerlitz, set.

Here's a health to the officer—liner or guard—
Who with Cambridge and Seaton has laboured so hard,
Here's a health to his men, whose good looks and good will
Did such excellent credit to messman and drill.

The object was good, and the object is gained,
Right sound is the teaching the troops have obtained;
And we'll mark that M.P. for a short-sighted scamp
Who grudges one mil for the Chobhamite Camp.

1853.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY BURNS. (COMMUNICATED BY THE EDINBURGH SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.)

O MICKLE yeuks the keckle doup,
An' a' unsicker girns the graith,
For wae and wae! the crowdies loup
O'er jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith.

Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,
And blithesome poortith toomed the loof,
There's nae a burnie giglet rare
But blaws in ilka jinking coof.

The routhie bield that gars the gear
Is gane where glint and pawky een,
And aye the stound is birkin lear
Where sconnered yowies wheeped yestreen.
The creeshie rax wi' skelpin kaes
Nae mair the howdie bicker whangs,
Nor weanies in their wee bit claes
Glour light as lammies wi' their sangs.

Yet leeze me on my bonnie byke !
My drappie aiblins blinks the noo,
An' leesome luve has lapt the dyke
Forgatherin' just a wee bit fou.
And Scotia ! while thy rantin' lunt
Is mirk and moop with gowans fine,
I'll stowlins pit my unco brunt,
An' cleek my duds for auld lang syne.

1853.

THE

EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

DONE INTO VERSE BY A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER AND POET.

The quarrel between the late Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir Michael Costa is sufficiently explained in the poem, but see "A Revived Poet."

STERNDALE BENNETT was Indignant with Costa,
For not playing Bennett's Composition faster,
Costa flew into Excitement at Lucas
For Showing him Bennett's Order, or Ukase,
Haughtily Resigned the Seat which he sat on,
And Contemptuously told Lucas himself to Take the *bâton*,
Moreover Stipulated this Year with the Directors
That Nobody was to read Him any more Lectures:
Also, he made it a Condition Strict,
He was Only to conduct what Pieces of Music he lik'd,
Whereby this Year Costa doth Prevent
Any performance of Music by Sterndale Benn'tt:
Likewise Excluding the young and gifted Miss Goddard,
Whom with Admiration all the Critical Squad heard :—
All to be Deplored, and, without more Amalgamation,
The Philharmonic will Tarnish its Hitherto Deservedly High Reputation.

1853.

BAYONET AND CHISEL.

A SENTIMENTAL NARRATION.

I PASSED the Palace in the Park,
In sooth it was a weary trudge,
The snow with trampled mud was dark,
And all was slide and slush and sludge,
Wherein I greatly feared to lose
My nice new Yankee over-shoes.

I kept at distance from the dome
Where dwells our Sovereign (when in town),
Because I thought my short way home
Was Birdcage Walk, of old renown.
But I could see (and therefore state)
Two men stood near that Palace gate.

One was the sentry—on his head
The fabled skin that warms the bear.
He ceased awhile his measured tread,
And watched the other working there.
For this, a sculptor, chiselled what
He thought adornment. I thought not.

A huge tarpaulin sound and black
Shrouded the artist like a cloak,

The sentry leant his manly back
Against his box, and thus he spoke—
At least 'twas thus to Fancy's ear;
For I was too far off to hear :—

"My friend, whose skilful plastic art
Creates such graces out of stone,
I feel a certain pang at heart
When thou art gone, and I'm alone,
That thou can'st do such things as these,
While I can only stand at ease.

"Mine was a country life, my friend,
Away from art and all its lore,
Until kind Fortune deigned to send
Recruiting Serjeant Henry Moore.
He came—I drank—I took his fee,
And am the soldier that you see.

"Yet do not think I speak in spite,
Or envy thee thy well-earned gains,
For that I know would not be right,
(Thanks to our pious chaplain's pains);
And warmly I appreciate
Thy work upon our Sovereign's gate."

He ceased. His artist-friend replied—
Fancy, once more, the short-writer—

"Soldier, thou speakest, by my side,
Words would do honour to a mitre,
And I am proud to hear thy lip
Commend the ornaments I chip.

"Yet do not mourn, thou gallant heart;
Our ways in two directions run—
Thou in grand deeds to bear a part,
I to record them when they're done.
And yet 'tis pleasant, friend, to feel
We're fellow-workers with the Steel.

"And when thy Bagnet, in the flank
Of Russian slaves, has bid them flee,
This humble Chisel, friend, may clank
To bid some marble speak of thee.
And thus, though each in different way,
Are we not colleagues—Brother—say?"

Thus Fancy deemed that at their stations,
The Sculptor and the Soldier talked.
But briefer were their observations
As heard by one who nearer walked.
Soldier. "That blessed wind is Eastly."
Artist. "Confound the day—it's Beastly."

1854.

THE RUSSIAN LOCHINVAR.

The first encounter in the Crimean war took place at Oltenitza on November 4, when the Russians were defeated. A few days later the Turks retired to Kalafat, where they kept the Russians in check for some time.

THE big-booted Czar had his eye on the East,
For treaties and truces he cares not the least,
And save his good pleasure he conscience hath none,
He talks like the Vandal and acts like the Hun.
So faithless in peace, and so ruthless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of King like the big-booted Czar?

He stayed not for speech, but, with sabre and gun,
He rushed into Turkey, though cause there was none;
But when he got near to the old Iron Gate,
He found certain reasons which urged him to wait.
For down by the Danube stood Omar Pasha,
Prepared to encounter our big-booted Czar.

So he drew up his legions—serf, vassal, and thrall,
His footmen, and horsemen, and cannons, and all,
Then out spake bold Omar, his hand on his sword,
In an attitude fitting an Ottoman Lord,
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to see St. Sophia, you big-booted Czar?"

"I've long asked your homage, my suit you denied,
And my holy religion you've scorned and decried,
So now I've come down with this army of mine,
The rights and the wrongs of the case to define,
And you have not a chance, for the Mussulman star
Must pale when it looks on the flag of the Czar."

He flung down his challenge, the Turk took it up,
(Remarking on slips 'twixt the lip and the cup)
And deigned to his logic the briefest reply,
"That the claim was unjust, and its proof was a lie,"
And he brought up some thousands of swords as a bar
To further advance by the big-booted Czar.

So before Oltenitza the battle took place,
And the Russian thought proper to right about face,
For the guns of Stamboul had a menacing boom,
And a bombshell sent flying the Dannenburg plume,
And the Cossacks all grumbled, "'Twere better by far,
To eat tallow at home than dine out with the Czar."

One hint would not do, nor one word in his ear.
The despot commands, and his men persevere—
So again to the breezes their standards are flung,
And Kalafat echoes the war-trumpet tongue,
And the Ottoman, charging, has scattered afar
The ill-fated troops of the big-booted Czar.

There was wild disarray in the rear and the van,
The Moslem they rode, and the Cossacks they ran.
There was racing and chasing—'twas pleasing to see
The Russ as well beat as a Russian can be.
May this, and much worse, be all fortune of war
That awaits the old pirate, the big-booted Czar.

1854.

GALLANT BLAST FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

"A Turkish Poet, Halil Effendi, has composed a war-song for his countrymen. It is somewhat in the style of the 'Marseillaise,' and has created, the utmost furor in Constantinople."—*French Journal.*

"It is not in the least like the 'Marseillaise,' but is, notwithstanding, a very beautiful and spirited affair, and here it is."—*Punch.*

UP, wearers of fezzes!
  Up, owners of turbans!
You, dwellers in Stamboul,
  You, Pera suburbans!
Prepare to take part
  In the battle's concussions,
And walk, like red thunderbolts,
  Into these Russians.

Waves on the standard
  The Shirt of the Prophet,
At least, to speak properly,
  All that's left of it.

So, swords by your sides,
And your hands on their handles,
March out and demolish
The eaters of candles.

Come, from the Mosque,
Cutting short genuflexion,
Come, from the slave girls
Awaiting inspection.
Come, from the coffee-house,
Leave the tobacconist's,
Put your own pipes out,
And then your antagonist's.

Come, from the bath,
Where the grim grinning nigger
Scrapes off your skin
At a very low figure.
Quit the hareem,
With its smiles and its cushions,
And make up your minds
To astonish these Rooshians.

Come, from your nooks
In the Island of Princes,
Where you eat such nice lunches
Of sherbet and quinces.

Come, from the banks
  By the Sweet Waters yonder,
Where the matrons of Stamboul
  Talk *double entendre.*

O Father of Cannons,
  (I wouldn't be personal,
But mean Mr. Taylor,
  Who casts for the arsenal)
Soon shall your handiwork,
  Blackened with powder,
Answer loud Dannenburg,
  Perhaps rather louder.

Up with the horse-tails!
  And up with the Crescent!
We'll cure the Czar
  Of behaving unpleasant.
Who's he that fancies
  The Moslem to frighten?
The son of burnt fathers!
  We'll blow him to Sheitan.

1854.

REASONS AGAINST REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (*rising*).

I own, Mr. Speaker, it was not my wish
To cook, in this fashion, our kettle of fish,
But my family motto impels me to state
That a wise man will yield to the dictates of fate,
And since the Reform Bill meets slight acceptation
From those I see here, or, indeed, from the nation,
(Which can't take its eyes from the war in the East),
Why, we'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

And here I might stop, for I really have stated
Why the "cause" should (in equity phrase) be "abated,"
But statesmen conceive that for all that they do
A great heap of reasons is better than few.
(As one rifle-ball's fatal—that is, if it hits,
But a blunderbuss *must* blow an object to bits),
So of reasons—not reason—here follows a feast,
For postponing Reform "for the present at least."

Because the Directors, as Paxton has bidden 'em,
Demand extra funds for the Palace at Sydenham;
Because, when the Guardsmen embarked, the sad news
Produced a most awful effect on the Jews;

Because a new Ant-Eater's come to the Park
And the Peers have a notion their House is too dark,
And because Mr. Kingsley is author of "Yeast,"
We will put off our Bill "for the present at least."

Because old Lablache, with a very fat sigh,
Goes over, this year, to the army of Gye,
Because the *habitué* expects to be bored
By snobs, with "Well, what is this *Étoile du Nord*."
Because we're to have a new opera by Verdi
(I greatly prefer a well-ground hurdy-gurdy),
And because the old orchestra won't be increased,
We must put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because the poor cits, in their blundering zeal,
Cannot hit on a place for the statue to Peel,
Because Marochetti's, so grand and so tall,
Is lost in the cabstand at Westminster Hall;
Because the old bridge here, is sinking, they say,—
Perceptibly losing its half-inch a day,
Notwithstanding it's buttressed, supported, and pieced—
We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because my friend Pam, with no small approbation,
Has flushed, not the Sewers, but their Administration.
Because my friend Gladstone, for war-money troubled,
Has found that the Income Tax ought to be doubled.

Because my friend Bains has determined to cure
The system that tends to make slaves of the poor,
(Though well-managed parishes fear to be fleeced),
We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because my Lord Aberdeen's patron, the Czar,
Has gone out of his wits (though the walk is not far).
Because Omar Pasha received a smart sabre,
Wherewith the Don Cossacks he vows to belabour.
Because these slow Moslems won't work at the drill—
(But they've got some new officers, now, though, who *will*);
And because in the Baltic the ice has decreased,
We will put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because our recruiting proceeds very fairly,
Though Ireland (the Younger) abuses it rarely.
Because we've prepared a magnificent fleet,
Which Napier himself owns is "nearly complete."
Because for some reason, a prejudice runs
Against letting us make our own pistols and guns.
(Poor Monsell thinks Muntz is next door to a beast);
We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

In short I avow (with some pain to myself),
That the place for Reform, is just now, on the shelf.
The bill's been more useful than might be supposed,
For Benjamin's mouth for the moment is closed:

The people don't seem at this crisis to care
For aught that's not warlike; well, that's their affair:
Mine's only to add, that my duty has ceased
When I've put off this Bill "for the present at least."

[*Moves that the second reading be taken on the 27th April.*

1854.

TALFOURD.

Mr. Justice Talfourd, dramatist and poet, died in Court, March, 13.

ERE the war-clouds, darkly closing,
Shudder to the rending flash,
Ere a world holds breath to listen
To the opening thunder-crash:
Hear, from yonder seat of judgment,
Words of peace—the true—the best—
Ah!—the noble words are stifled,
And a noble heart hath rest!

Dead! He should have died hereafter,
Time had come for such a word,
When the day of fight was over,
And the triumph-bells were heard.
Statesman—Minister of Justice—
Friend of all who needed friend,
Poet—might he not have tarried,
Seen our conflict to an end?

Had the Statesman marked his nation
Check and crush invading might;
Had the upright Judge, rejoicing,
Watched the victory of the Right;
Had the oppress'd one's Friend beheld us
Raise the weak—dash down the strong,
Then, perchance, the Poet's utterance
Had awaked in glowing song.

Other was the dread decretal,
Life and Death obey their LORD,
And the golden bowl is broken,
And unloosed the silver cord.
In the very hour when Duty
To her dearest task was wed,
Pleading for the poor and needy,
Talfourd's gentle spirit fled.

What is left to those who mourn him?
When the last sad rite is paid,
When—but not with hopeless sorrow—
Earth in earth is humbly laid.
Call his image from the marble,
Let the rich memorial tell
How he earned the love we bore him,
That we loved him long and well.

Let it speak of kindliest nature,
Of the large, yet subtle mind,
Of a heart all overflowing
With affection for his kind.
Speak of honour—trust—and frankness,
Of a hand preventing need,
And of whisper from the giver
Making bounty rich indeed.

Then record how he, undaunted,
Fought through faction's wild turmoil,
To uphold the Thinker's title
To the earnings of his toil.
How low cant and selfish cunning
Barred his onward course in vain,
Till he felled and chained the plunderers
Of the Labour of the Brain.

Speak of eloquence, beguiling
Foes themselves to own its sway,
Rich with many an ancient jewel
Touched with Art's all-kindling ray,
Then inscribe his Poet-honours—
Nay—that record be his own—
Little recks true bard of memory
Passing with a sculptured stone.

Ire licet. Battle's signal
Sullen booms o'er sea and plain.
Wake ye at that fatal summons,
Fabled Choosers of the Slain!
Who, beside our red-cross banner,
Falls, its foremost champion there—
Flinging down a life, and winning
Name that Time himself shall spare?

Gallant heart! But happier, nobler,
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet,
Who,—declaring Heaven's own message—
Died upon the judgment seat.
On his lip that holy lesson
All his life had taught, he cried,
"Help the humble—help the needy—
HELP WITH LOVE." So Talfourd died!

1854.

A VISION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THERE are things more frail than visions, there are
falser words than dreams
Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with
most common themes;
But I know not, as each Master laid his gift before
the throne,
If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy
strayed alone.

Marching came a swarth procession, mustering from
the banks of Nile,
Abject-eyed believers, marshalled by stern priests with
eyes of guile.
And with mystic types and symbols were their gar-
ments studded o'er,
And the awful veil of Isis was the banner that they
bore.

Following trod a prouder army, striding on with
martial tread,
From a City, lost for ages, that hath yielded up her
dead.
And a grim and giant Monster stalking fiercely in the
van,
'Twas a wingèd Beast—more dreadful that it wore the
face of man.

Next a graceful throng went by me, from a classic
region fair,
Chiselled features, flowing garments, laurel wreaths in
golden hair ;
And a God and Goddess led them, glorious types of
War and Peace,
Neptune and Minerva ever watching o'er their well
loved Greece.

From their seven-hilled home eternal, then the haughty Swordsmen came,
Lictor's fasces, gory axe-head, and the she-wolf's glance of flame,
And four ever famous Letters borne on high in that array,
Told a world that Rome was present—proudly bade the world obey.

Whose luxurious pomp succeeds them, who in smiling throng advance,
Glistening in that flowery raiment, tripping as to feast and dance?
So they glistened, so they revelled, so was struck the sparkling lyre,
On the day Pompeii perished, shrieking in yon mountain's fire.

Some come mourning, come as those whose brightest day hath shone and fled.
Are they from Byzantium's rampart, where a hero-king lies dead—
From the noblest fane that glows beneath an oriental sky—
Raised to Christian Wisdom—bearing now the symbol of a Lie.

Came the Church in purple glory and a wealth of gems and gold,
Steel-clad knights in soldier-splendour, banners of emblazoned fold,
Armourer, herald, jester, hawker, planet-reader, squire and page,
Chivalry's thrice gorgeous chapter from her proudest Middle Age.

Art's procession followed, calmly, lofty as their port should be,
Who had dashed down feudal shackles, and proclaimed that Art is free.
Gazing on their deeds of beauty, who but scorns the bigot prate,
That assails their noble mission with a Goth's fantastic hate?

What a glorious train came after, every lofty face a Fame,
All whose Thought our age inherits, or our age itself shall claim.
Those whose names, in self-made light, are burning still on honour's scrolls,
Those to whom the world is debtor—shall be debtor while it rolls.

But what thunder wave of music comes in grandeur surging out?
Never yet ascended Homage in a nobler, mightier shout,
Fancy's visions instant scatter—sense itself is growing dim,
As all space seems tiding over with that rushing, whelming hymn.

There are things more frail than visions, there are falser words than dreams
Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with most common themes;
And I know not, as each Master laid his gift before the Throne.
If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy strayed alone.

1854.

MORAL FOR LEAP YEAR.

GET born upon Feb. 29,
For Leap years come but one in four;
A toast's a thing that spoils one's wine;
You save three-fourths of birthday bore.

1854.

GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE.

"Greece sided with Russia until France and England sent troops to the Piræus, whereupon Otho promised to observe strict neutrality."

KNOWS'T thou the land where a sly press's dirt'll
Be flung upon all that won't pay for it's slime,
When the merchant's a Doo, and the soldier's a Thurtell,
And the lawyer's their trusty accomplice in crime?
Know'st thou the land once beloved of the Nine,
More lately the scene of Pacifico's shine,
Where a soft head like Otho's the crown could assume,
A King—with the mien of an underbred groom—
Where the traders in feats of rascality vie,
Where they cheat if you sell, and they cheat if you buy,
And to list to a native's to list to a lie.
Where, if trees (as we say) may be known by their fruit,
One's certain that Honesty never struck root.
Where their dastardly banner wears Christendom's sign,
In type that each fight is a Cross, we opine?
'Tis the fair land of Greece, whose demoralised son
Exults in the hope that the Russians have won.
Oh! wild are his accents, when telegraphs tell
That our soldiers are doing their duty right well.

1854.

BROWN AND JONES.

"Lord Palmerston said that Mr. Layard had indulged in what he must be permitted to call vulgar declamation against the aristocracy. Talk to him of the aristocracy! Why, in the charge at Balaclava, Lord Cardigan (*loud cheers*)," &c. &c.—*Debate, Monday, Feb.* 19.

VULGAR? How sad! But then he spoke
Of vulgar, low, and common things.
Such as with gay Wat Tyler joke,
A Viscount to oblivion flings.
Of common honour, common sense,
Of common soldiers' wasted bones—
And bored the Commons with defence
Of common folks like Brown and Jones.

He talked of armies doomed to die,
Through dull officials' want of thought,
Your Lordship stated in reply
How nobly Cardigan had fought.
That "points" of yours but rarely miss,
A docile House of Commons owns,
But really logic such as this
Would hardly do for Brown and Jones.

Such audience as your Lordship finds
Accept and cheer each jaunty flash,
But vulgar and plebeian minds
Regard it as evasive trash.

'Twill hardly teach us to forget
Who *caused* sad Balaklava's groans,
And there's another matter yet
That will occur to Brown and Jones.

Three Lords were mixed in that affair,
Lucan and Raglan blundered both,
The third, who showed a hero there,
Did their joint bidding, greatly loath.
Two Lords were blunderers out of three,
(One bee between a brace of drones)
A chance of better odds you'd see
In taking Smith, and Brown, and Jones.

But not at Lords he aimed his shot,
You ne'er mistook what he was at;
You talk some folly, but you're not
Quite such a Malmesbury as that.
He spoke (unhappily he's young,
And has to learn convention's tones)
The words you'd hear from every tongue
If Lords could mix with Brown and Jones.

He cursed our great State Lottery scheme,
Whose prizes fall to Wealth and Rank,
While Merit wakes from patriot dream
To find he draws a hopeless blank.

He banned the system where Routine
Jobs, shuffles, bullies, shirks, postpones,
Until its clumsy working's seen
By those vulgarians, Brown and Jones.

He told you (Punch has said the same)
John Bull at many a fault will wink,
But ruined armies, sullied name,
And crushing taxes make him—think.
A vulgar hint—yet those who prize
Honours whose fountains are but thrones,
Should take it, lest in coarser guise
It come some day from Brown and Jones.

1855.

DAGON.

Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, died at St. Petersburg on March 2nd.

SMITTEN—as by lightning—smitten
Down, amid his armed array;
With the fiery scroll scarce written
Calling myriads to the fray;
There—but yesterday defying
Europe's banners, linked and flying
For her freedom—see him lying—
Earth's Colossus—earth's own clay.
But no triumph-shout be given,
Knee to earth and eye to heaven!
God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom! Lightly spoken
Vows to thee vain kings have said,
Many an oath thy priests have broken,
Many a fight thy guards have fled:
But thine ancient Consecration,
Sealed so oft by stern libation,
Lifeblood of a struggling nation,
In thy foeman's doom is read.
Still, O Ark! the hand that gave thee
Strikes, in peril's hour, to save thee—
There lies Dagon—dead!

1855.

JACK AND LADY NANCY.

A VULGAR SONG BY A COMMON SEAMAN.

The *Lady Nancy* was knocked together in a night, the *Stromboli* towed her a hundred miles; she was found seaworthy in every particular, and she went in and burned Taganrog.—See the *Times*, July 2nd.

O JAW till you're frantic of wessels gigantic,
With hundreds of guns and with thousands of crew,
Jack's want's of the oddest, a wessel so modest
As just does the work as he wants her to do.
He doesn't condemn none, your big *Agamemnon*,
Your *Dukes* and your *Alberts*, as long as a street;
They're mighty imposing, but when he's for closing,
A taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

She aint no great sight for the lubbers wot write,
She aint no "Sea-Castle wot frowns on the brine,"
It might be like flattery to praise her "black battery,"
Or christen her "Majesty's symbol and sign:"
She doesn't come "looming" like one as "speaks dooming,"
To crush into atoms each foe she may meet,"
But if foes you'd be beating as *won't* give the meeting,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

No gab about Nelson when down went *her* kelson,
No "eminent shipwrights" swug toasts in champagne,
No Miss in white flouncing her name were announcing,
As *Nancy* splash'd down to "her home on the main."
She worn't noways "graceful," nor streamer'd out tasteful,"
"Like a Swan on the Waters a-taking her seat,"
But for roughish swan-hopping, where rifles is popping,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

When your blessed "Leviathan" couldn't come nigher than
Three or four mile from the towns as you'd win;
Then in come our *Nancy*, as pat as your fancy,
And blow'd 'em to blazes as neat as a pin.

And as for your gun-boats, (as some folks call bomb-boats,)
Wot use is inwentions as draws all them feet?
For cannons and mortars wot dances the waters,
Our taught *Lady Nancy* is worth the whole fleet.

We know'd wot we wanted, materials was granted,
We knock'd her together as quick as we could,
The *Strongbelly* tow'd her, we sail'd and we row'd her—
And there's werry fine ashes where Taganrog stood.
I axes your pardon, and wagers a farden,
(But hopes no offence to the nobs and Heleet,)
That more towns of old Bruin's would now be in ruins
If you'd more *Lady Hens* in Her Majesty's fleet.

1855.

SINK-WE SCENTO.

"After five years the Thames is to receive no sewage."—*Sir B. Hall.*

In shorter time, kind Sir, contrive
To purify our drink;
For while your figure is a Five,
Our river is a Cinq.

1855.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT ALDERMAN.

PART I.

The Alderman stoppeth a Swell.

It is an Ancient Alderman,
And he stopped one of three;
"By thy gouty hand and ruby nose,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

Who would go to the T.R.A.,

"The Adelphi doors have open'd long,
And I would save my tin;
My order's lost at seven o'clock,
Permit me to go in."

And remonstrateth.

He holds him with his gouty hand,
"There is the Thames," quoth he;
"Bother the Thames," the other cried;
"Jump in, and let me be."

But yieldeth to circumstances,

He holds him by the glittering guard,
The Stunning Swell stood still,
And listens in most sulky style;
The Alderman hath his will.

And reluctantly lends his ear.

The Stunning Swell against a lamp
Leant, as if bored to death.
And thus gasp'd on that Alderman,
With brevity of breath.

The other relateth how the Mayor and Aldermen went swanhopping on the Thames.

"The Mayor appear'd, the barge was steer'd,
Merrily we did drop,—
The Aldermen, in City barge,—
Along on our Swan-Hop.

"At the Blackfriars we did embark,
Where gapes the mighty sewer."
The Stunning Swell he stamp'd his foot,
For he heard the overture.

The Swell loseth benefit of clergy, leastways of orders.

Mellon hath mounted on his stool,
The desk he tappeth thrice—
Four Roberts now the Swell must pay,
Or wait for the half-price.

The Alderman telleth how the voyage proceeded.

"We pulled—at least the rowers did—
Bang through the Bridges Three,
And Lambeth Reach, and Chelsea Reach,
We pass'd full merrily.

How the party eat and drank.

"And then the hour of lunch was come,
Our appetites wax'd strong,
We eat and drank, and drank and eat;
The Chaplain sang a song.

How the party drank and eat.

"We drank and eat, we eat and drank,
Till full was every sinner;
And then we thought we'd go on deck,
While Staples laid the dinner.

How, being replete, they rebuked the discontent of complaining persons,

"We lean'd along the barge's seats,
Or o'er the bulwarks bent;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

And the exaggerations of distress by the press.

"We said it was a jolly world,
And everybody stated
That what we read of want and wrong
Was much exaggerated.

But suddenly smelt as it were a Smell.

"That on the whole we really thought
Things went uncommon well—
When the Remembrancer bawl'd out,
'Gog! what a hawful Smell.'

Disgust of the Chief Magistrate and Conservator of the River Thames.

"The Mayor he started to his feet,
Out of his lordly doze,
And ramm'd his scented handkerchief
Close up unto his nose.

The Smell increases,

"And as the smell came foully round,
We gasp'd and spit, and swore;
Such an abominable stench
We'd never smelt before.

To their discomfiture

"And after comments fierce and fast
On that unsavoury theme,
For reasons which I need not name,
Each turn'd him to the stream.

And still increasing, it is discovered to arise from the stream they ought to have conserved.

"When fouler, fouler rose the smell,
And then we did diskiver
The source of all that awful stench,
Dear Gog, it was the River!

Revolting details.

"The river it was yellow mud,
With putrid colours varied,
And every kind of filthy thing
Upon the tide was carried.

More revolting details.

"Dead dogs rotund, and garbage vile,
And slime, and scum, and muck;
Clung round as in a fœtid lake,
And oozed, and stank, and stuck.

A drowning cat garlanded with drowned kittens is seen.

"And in the mess a drowning Cat
Mid seven drown'd kittens sprawl'd,
And her great eyes stared wildly out.
And piteously she squall'd.

The Alderman shoots the cat.

"There was a blunderbuss on board—"
"Old Cock, what *are* you at—
Are you not well?" "O gentle Swell,
I took and Shot the Cat.

PART II.

The crew escape into pure air and pure water.

"We pull'd—at least the rowers did,—
How long I cannot say,
But up to Richmond's pleasant banks
At length we made our way.

"There ran the river pure and bright,
Without a speck or stain;
So once it ran at Westminster,
And so might run again.

And recovering from their discomfiture, resume their gormandising,

"We all revived—began to laugh—
And then went down to dine,
And all bad odours were forgot
In my Lord Mayor's good wine.

And their philanthropy.

"We eat and drank, and drank and eat,
Back in our chairs we leant;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

And make merry with the sufferings of those worse off than themselves.

"We own'd the Thames's scent was strong,
And said the labouring classes
Who lived beside and drank the tide
Were very stupid asses.

"For why not move, as we had done,
Out of the stench's way,
And why not drink the sort of lush
That we had drunk that day?

Awful appearance of the Cat's eyes.

"We eat and drank, we drank and eat,
With toasts and speeches hearty—
When, Gog! that Cat's infernal eyes,
Glared in upon the party.

With new grief to their own noses.

"In at the cabin window glared,
Like the red fires of—well,
But what was worse, along with her
The creature brought the Smell.

Their sufferings are renewed with increased severity.

"Into the cabin pour'd the stench,
Suffusing all the air,
And instant every Alderman
Fell down beside his chair.

The Eyes are upon them.

"And there we sat upon the floor,
Unable for to rise,
While, gazing in malicious sort,
Glared down that Cat's green eyes.

The Ancient Alderman's crime is brought against him.

"And greener grew those fiendly orbs,
(Ay, greener than green fat),—
As, twixt a mew and screech we heard—
'Who was it Shot the Cat!'

PART III.

They float backwards towards town.

"FLOATING, floating down the Thames,
Upon our backward way,
All sorts of foul and nasty things
Did seek our course to stay.

And the Vermin of the Thames visit them.

"At every window in they look'd,
Upon the deck they leapt,
They crawl'd upon our visages,
And on our plates they crept.

"To tell you of their hideous forms
I have nor power nor hope—
Look on a water drop, shown in
The gaseous microscope.

"They were the Vermin of the stream
That now is London's sink;
The filthy stream that is at once
Her sewer, her bath, her drink.

To thank them for their protection and patronage.

"And as they crawl'd, and crept, and writhed,
We heard this awful ditty—
'The Vermin of the Thames salute
The Fathers of the City!'

PART IV.

The Ancient Alderman recounts a dream. He pretends to have seen Westminster New Bridge.

"A DREAM, a dream, a pleasant dream.
I stood at Westminster,
And saw a bran-new, span-new bridge
Bestride a river clear.

Fish in the Thames.

"The wave it was as crystal bright,
You saw white sand below,
And flounders, gudgeon, tench, and dace,
Shot, flitting, to and fro.

Good fish too.

"The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,
The whitebait glanced like gems;
In short, all kinds of finny fowl
Were swimming in the Thames.

New Sewerage arrangements.

"On either bank a mighty sewer
Received what London gave,
And bore it to the Kentish farm,
Or to the ocean wave.

The banks in a healthy state.

"And terraced gardens there display'd
Green leaves and arbours fair,
And rosy children laugh'd and sniff'd
The river's fragrant air.

The humbler classes enjoying the river breezes.

"And artisans, (their labour done,)
With pots, and pipes, and wives,
Sat by the stream, and call'd the sight
The pleasure of their lives.

The reason of this blessed change.

"And thus outspoke a gentle voice—
A voice of cheer and beauty:
'See, London's Mayor and Aldermen
At length have done their duty.'

PART V.

The Swell has had enough,

"It's deuced interesting," quoth
The now exhausted Swell;
"But I must be allow'd to hope
You've nothing more to tell.

Counsels the Alderman.

"And if you'll take a fellah's hint,
You, and your Mayor, and crew;
The work you say your dream described,
You'd better go and do.

Adds an impertinent suggestion.

"And when the sewers are quite complete,
Jump in, and you shall be
With all the other nuisances,
Wash'd nicely down to sea.

And bolts into the theatre, Half-price commencing.

"Now, *au revoir*—the boxkeeper,
With the Half-price board comes;
And I must hear that Blondelet,
Upon his twenty drums."

The Alderman comforts himself in his fashion, and is duly punished.

Vanish'd the Swell: the Alderman
Went off and drown'd his sorrow—
And with a thundering headache he
Awoke upon the morrow.

1855.

THE ADULTERATOR'S ALPHABET.

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAUREL.

A's the mock Auction—go buy if you choose
The trash palmed upon you by duffers and Jews.
B is the Baker, whose loaves sell the faster
When made up of alum, potatoes, and plaster.
C is the Clergyman—mind he don't mix
His Rubric with Pusey's or Claphamite tricks.
D is the Druggist—the *Lancet* explains
How he poisons each drug and increases your pains.
E's the Excise that affixes its locks—
But very queer mixtures come out of the docks.
F is the Fellow whose Furniture falls
To pieces as soon as it's set round your walls.

G is the Grocer—the rascal is he
Who puts sand in your sugar and sticks in your tea.
H is the Hatter—his hats (which you bet)
Turn shamefully brown the first time they get wet.
I is the Inkmaker, he's a nice fellow—
His deepest Jet black in a week becomes yellow.
J is the Jeweller—I know who is sold
When you've bought his sham gems really set in sham gold.
K is K. G. and a title debased
Since Nick. and Nurse Ab in the Chapel were graced.
L is the Laureate who tenders us *for* song
A Lachrymose whine when we wanted a war-song.
M is the Member, the place-hunting elf
Selling rubbish he's no right to sell—that's himself.
N is the Nurse who your suffering insults,
Who gives Godfrey to babies and plunders adults.
O is the Omnibus Cad who deceives
Concerning his route, and who lets in the thieves.
P is the Publican, neck deep in sin,
With salt in his beer and with turps. in his gin.
Q is the Queen's government (that's but a phrase)
Who deludes their good mistress in all kinds of ways.
R's the Romance writer, read with a groan;
What's good he has prigged, and what's stupid's his own.

S is the Stock-jobber, none can dispute
That a bull or a bear is a low kind of brute.
T is the Tailor, who makes us all wroth
With his skimping bad fits and his rotten old cloth.
U is your Uncle, the Usurer Pop,
And legalised cheating goes on at his shop.
V is the Vintner, you trace when you dine
His crimes in the mess that is brought you for wine.
W is the Watchmaker, nine times a week
His "warrants" should bring up himself to the Beak.
X (with an e) 's the Exchequer, which axes
All sorts of unjust and irrational taxes.
Y is a Yokel—when *he* meets your eyes,
Look out—he's most likely a thief in disguise.
Z's Zadkiel, the quack, who with "Venus" and "Mars"
Diddles Zanies by lying reports from the stars.

1855.

PUNCH TO THE SMOKING WORLD.

(AFTER READYMADEASY.)

LEARN to smoke slow. The other grace is,
To keep your smoke from people's faces.

1855.

DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT.

Dizzy brewed a kind of plot.
And Bright and Gladstone came to see—
Three downy birds: a Quaker ane,
And twa ex-heads o' Chancerie.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends;
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
What ane may say the twa may say,
And over goes the Ministrie.

Here we are met, three fluent boys,
Three fluent boys I trow are we,
And mony a night we've kept the floor,
And wearied out stenographee.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends;
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
We'll cry for peace at any price,
And over goes the Ministrie.

It will nae do to blaw our horn,
Proclaiming unanimitee;
The nation might nae like the game,
So by my troth we'll wait a wee.
We are nae friends, we are nae that friends;
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
We'll all gae in for making peace,
And praise the Russian's honesty.

Wha first shall rise must say the War
Is urged with sad ferocity.
The next on taxes foul shall fa'.
The third shall preach of Policy.
We are nae friends, we are nae that friends;
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
The House shall find a union formed
To overset the Ministrie.

1855.

LONDON BELLS.

Those London Bells, those London Bells,
How plain a tale that nuisance tells
Of fees and beer, that buy the time
Of those who raise that senseless chime.

Those foolish times are passed away
When people liked the belfry's bray,
With Lord Mayor's Shows and Thames's smells
We class those pestering London bells.

Were ringers' swipes and swindle gone,
That vulgar noise would *not* go on.
The fact from every steeple knells
That Pewter Pots are London Bells.

1855.

THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE, BY PROFESSOR PUNCH, OF FLEET STREET.

It is the Royal Castle—a castle high and strong,
The Walk by which you may approach is more than three miles long;
The Railroad's much your better way, the Staines and Datchet one,
For then you're at the Castle gate before your day's half gone.

'Tis the Field-Marshal's daughter—of daughters he hath four—
In childish mirth she wanders near her father's armoury door.
And peeping in, her sweet blue eyes are lighted with a glow
To see his implements of war that make so fair a show.

In a more splendid Uniform no soldier e'er hath sat,
More curious forms were ne'er combined than make that wondrous Hat,

And there is that he never yet has fail'd to draw, at beck—
A sword? There *is* a sword, no doubt, but she behold a Cheque.

And on a crimson cushion lies a polish'd ivory stick,
Some two feet long, in velvet clad, with rich embroidery thick:
A Bâton, such as Kings bestow when the red fight is done,
And heroes take the guerdon for a kingdom saved or won.

"Oh, pretty plaything," cries the child, "I'll walk thee off with me,
My Dolly will be very glad the lovely thing to see."
So in her dainty pinafore she gently wrapp'd the prize,
And to the nursery tripp'd away with gladness in her eyes.

She hastes with joyous steps and swift (we know what children are),
And pass'd her father's study, and the door it was ajar.
There sat the bold Field-Marshal, at a costly Broadwood's Grand,
And with a skilful touch he play'd "The German's *Vaterland*."

She caught his eye, and caught his smile—he cried,
" Come hither, Miss;
Passing papa's own door, and never stopping for a kiss?"
" O father, dearest father, what a plaything I have found;
Our Christmas tree won't hold one half so lovely, I'll be bound."

The Marshal laugh'd, and touch'd the keys, and play'd a minor mild,
Then, turning to the little one, he ask'd the happy child,
" What hast thou found that mak'st thy heart so overflow with glee,
Thou really look'st as pleased as Punch; come, open, let us see."

She oped her pinafore, and look'd quite slily, you may deem,
And started from his outstretch'd hand, with a merry little scream;
But when she placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy
She clasp'd her hands, and cried aloud, and danced for very joy.

But the Marshal look'd quite seriously, and shaking
slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl! this is
no toy," he said:
"Go, take it to my room again, and put it down
below,
The Bâton is no plaything, child, how could you think
it so?

"It forms no mean addition to one's prizes, little fay,
To the Consort's rank, and Colonel's, and their very
splendid pay;
It sets one's name where Wellington's, and Ney's, and
Blucher's are.
The Bâton is no plaything, child; no, Mars forfend it
were!"

1855.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(AUTHOR'S PROTECTIVE EDITION.)

You, who hold in grace and honour,
Hold as one who did you kindness
When he published former poems,
Sang Evangeline the noble,
Sang the golden Golden Legend,
Sang the songs the Voices utter,
Crying in the night and darkness,
Sang how unto the Red Planet
Mars he gave the Night's First Watches,
Henry Wadsworth, whose adnomen
(Coming awkward for the accents
Into this his latest rhythm)
Write we as Protracted Fellow,
Or in Latin, Longus Comes—
Buy the Song of Hiawatha.

Should you ask me, Is the poem
Worthy of its predecessors,
Worthy of the sweet conceptions
Of the manly, nervous diction
Of the phrase, concise or pliant,
Of the songs that sped the pulses,
Of the songs that gemmed the eyelash,

Of the other works of Henry?
I should answer, I should tell you,
You may wish that you may get it—
Don't you wish that you may get it?

Should you ask me is it worthless,
Is it bosh, and is it bunkum;
Merely facile, flowing nonsense,
Easy to a practised rhythmist,
Fit to charm a private circle,
But not worth the print and paper
David Bogue hath here expended?
I should answer, I should tell you
You're a fool, and most presumptious;
Hath not Henry Wadsworth writ it,
Hath not Punch commanded "Buy it?'

Should you ask me, What's its nature?
Ask me, What's the kind of poem?
Ask me in respectful language,
Touching your respectful beaver,
Kicking back your manly hind-leg,
Like to one who sees his betters;
I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis a poem in this metre,
And embalming the traditions,
Tables, rites, and superstitions
Of the various tribes of Indians.

From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gar,
Finds its sugar in the rushes.
From the fast-decaying nations
Which our gentle Uncle Samuel
Is improving, very smartly,
From the face of all creation
Off the face of all creation.
Should you ask me by what story,
By what action, plot, or fiction,
All these matters are connected ?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Go to Bogue's and buy the poem,
Published neatly at one shilling,
Published sweetly at five shillings.

Should you ask me, Is there music
In the structure of the verses,
In the names and in the phrases ?
Pleading that, like weaver Bottom,
You prefer your ears well tickled,
I should answer, I should tell you
Henry's verse is very charming :
And for names there's Hiawatha,
Who's the hero of the poem.
Mudjee-Keewis, that's the West Wind,

Hiawatha's graceless father.
There's Nokomis, there's Wenonah,
Ladies both of various merit.
Puggawamgun, that's a war club,
Pau-puk-Keewis, he's a dandy
"Barr'd with streaks of red and yellow,"
And the women and the maidens
Love the handsome "Pau-puk-Keewis;"
Tracing in him Punch's likeness.
Then there's lovely Minnehaha—
Pretty name with pretty meaning;
It implies the Laughing Water—
And the darling Minnehaha
Married noble Hiawatha.
And her story's far too touching
To be sport for you, you donkey,
With your ears like weaver Bottom's,
Ears like booby Bully Bottom.

Once upon a time in London,
In the days of the Lyceum.*
Ages ere keen Arnold let it
To the dreadful Northern Wizard;
Ages ere the buoyant Mathews
Tripped upon its boards in briskness—
I remember, I remember,

* The reference is to a farce written by Shirley Brooks himself, entitled "The Wigwam."

How a scribe, with pen chivalrous,
Tried to save these Indian stories
From the fate of chill oblivion.
Out came sundry comic Indians
Of the tribe of Kut-an-hack-um,
With their chief, the clean Ef-matthews,
With the growling Downy Beaver,
With the valiant Monkey's Uncle,
Came the gracious Mari-Keelee,
Firing off a pocket pistol;
Singing, too, that Mudjee-Keewis
(Shorten'd in the song to "Wild Wind")
Was a spirit very kindly,
Came her sire, the joyous Keelee,
By the waning tribe adopted,
Named the Buffalo, and wedded
To the fairest of the maidens,
But repented of his bargain;
And his brother Kut-an-hack-ums
Very nearly chopped his toes off.
Serve him right, the fickle Kee-lee.

If you ask me, What this memory
Hath to do with Hiawatha
And the poem which I speak of?
I should answer, I should tell you
You're a fool, and most presumptious;
'Tis not for such humble cattle

To inquire what links and unions
Join the thoughts and mystic meanings
Of their betters, mighty poets,
Mighty writers—Punch the mightiest.
I should answer, I should tell you
Shut your mouth and go to David,
David, Mr. Punch's neighbour,
Buy the Song of Hiawatha.
Read and learn, and then be thankful
Unto Punch and Henry Wadsworth,
Punch and noble Henry Wadsworth.
Truer poet, better fellow,
Than to be annoyed at jesting
From his friend, great Punch, who loves him.

1856.

THE BURNING OF THE PLAY-HOUSE.

(IMPROVED FROM CAMPBELL.)

Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire on March 5, during a masked ball conducted by Anderson, the self-dubbed "Wizard of the North."

Of the Wizard of the North
Sing the Tuesday's night renown,
When he let the gas break forth
And burn the play-house down.
And illuminated London brightly shown,

While a masquerading band,
Almost too drunk to stand,
But all holding hand in hand,
Revelled on.

Detesting every note,
(They'd been playing there from nine),
The orchestra scarce kept
From kicking up a shine.
It was five of Wednesday morn, by the chime,
And as each fiddler saith,
Tobacco choked his breath,
And he played, fatigued to death,
Out of time.

Any decent folks had blushed
To assist at such a scene—
But, sudden, firemen rushed
Where before they should have been,
And "Fire! fire!" the Wizard cried, and the fun
Stopped upon pallid lips,
For the ceiling and the slips
Glowed like a mountain's tips
In the sun.

The Main! the Main! the Main!
But beams came tumbling whack,

And a shower of fiery rain
Falls on the frightened pack,
And each hurries from the menaced doom,
And gents with terror pale
Pay no heed to woman's wail,
And the flames at once prevail
And consume.

Down went Covent Garden then,
Vain was the engine's wave,
Vainly the gallant men
Struggled the wealth to save—
The clock twice saved away indeed they bring,
But the Muse's ancient seat
Is a ruin most complete;
Ashes, where song's *élite*
Used to sing.

And London's blame was chief
For the stupid heads of those
Who have doubtless come to grief
Through the Wizard's vulgar shows.
A play-house is intended for a play;
If you let it for a night
To a Quack, you but invite
A fate that serves you right,
You may say.

Now joy old opera raise
For the tidings of the night,
Once more thy gas shall blaze,
Once more thy songs delight,
And though losing our fine house is a bore,
Let us think of those who weep
Their tools—by no means cheap—
A charred and melted heap
On its floor.

1856.

MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER BRIGHT.

SONG FOR THE SOIRÉE GIVEN BY MANCHESTER TO HER PATRIOT MEMBERS.

Merrily danced the Quaker Bright,
And merrily danced that Quaker,
When he heard that Kars was in hopeless plight,
And Mouravieff meant to take her
He said he knew it was wrong to fight,
He'd help nor Devil nor Baker,
But to see that the battle was going right,
O! merrily danced the Quaker.

Merrily danced the Quaker Bright,
And merrily danced the Quaker,
When the Generals lost the place that might
Have been made another Jean d'Acre.

He roar'd for joy to behold the sight,
And his sides he shook like a Shaker;
And merrily danced the Quaker Bright,
O! merrily danced that Quaker!

Merrily danced the Quaker Bright,
And merrily danced the Quaker,
When Kars was left without sup or bite,
And her heroes had to forsake her.
He dash'd his broadbrim down in delight,
(To the great content of its maker,)
And merrily danced the Quaker Bright,
O! merrily danced the Quaker.

1856.

SEAL FOR THE SENATE OF SEWERS.

"The Metropolitan Board for Cleansing the Metropolis has been greatly puzzled to invent a device for its common seal."

PUZZLED for heraldry—who could imagine it?
Royalty offers a Scavenger's plume:
Want a device—why not take the Plantagenet—
Plantagenista; in English—the Broom?

1856.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

My Sister-in-Law, they're trying again
The Consanguinity Table to flaw,
And Lord St. Germans declares it's plain
That men should marry their Sisters-in-Law.
Now what say you, for a sweeter girl
As bridesmaid never a bridegroom saw,
And if he carries his point—that Earl—
Why, I might marry my Sister-in-Law?

When my late lamented Mrs. John Brown
Invited you to reside with us,
You took up your quarters at Camden Town,
Without an atom of bother or fuss.
You taught my children, you aired my *Times*,
You fed my wife's infernal macaw,
And even my crabby old uncle Ghrimes
Had a word of praise for my Sister-in-Law.

When Sarah sulked (which was once or twice),
And paid small heed to her dress or hair,
At breakfast you, with your braids so nice,
Of my toast and coffee took cheerful care.
And when that excellent woman gave way,
To what Ghrimes so vulgarly called her "jaw,"
You interposed, to obtain fair play
For the scolded husband, my Sister-in-Law.

If I brought home a picture or book,
And Sarah scoffed, or upbraided "waste,"
A far more lady-like view you took,
And praised the cheapness, and praised the taste.
And when I took you both to the play,
'Twas a piece you liked, and how well you saw,
While she nagged on in a murmuring way,
Unlike to your's, my Sister-in-Law.

When we gave a party, you kindly danced
With any client I wished to please,
Though my late lamented had scarcely glanced
At folks who paid me enormous fees.
And then that row—and the bonnet blue—
And the scandal spread by old Mother Shaw,
How stoutly you declared it untrue,
(As indeed it was) my Sister-in-Law.

You wrote my letters, you paid my bills,
And took receipts (which you never lost)
I smoked—you twisted the nicest spills,
And you always knew what the coals had cost.
You saw that my slippers were near my chair,
You saw that my study-fire would draw,
And you did it all with a cheerful air.
(Not that of a martyr) my Sister-in-Law.

My promise the late lamented took,
That I'd not re-marry, except to you,
And a wicked page in the Statute-book
Is now, I hope, to be torn in two.
The Commons, you know, have closed the strife,
No Jew tradition the Lords should awe;
And you, in the name of my Lawful Wife,
Shall merge the name of my Sister-in-Law.

1856.

THE TREATY EXPLAINED.

The Treaty of Peace concluded after the Crimean War met with very little favour.

"PAPA, you came up to my bed,
And called me Little Sleepy-head,
About a month ago,
And made me wake and hear the guns,
Telling all London-town at once,
That there was Peace, you know."

My Angel Child, I did by thee
That which my father did to me,
You fancied it unkind;
But no, my love—some day you'll tell
Your children you remember well
When this new Peace was signed.

"It was quite kind of you to take
The trouble, Pa, to make me wake,
Upon that Sunday night;
But, Pa, I wish you'd tell me what
To tell my children, that we got
By all this dreadful fight?"

My darling, yes, I am very glad
That, like a prudent little lad,
You ask such questions, dear;
We've got a Treaty—that is, mind,
A Paper which great folks have signed,
To put things straight and clear.

"A Paper—one that I can read?"
No, love, I think you'd not succeed,
Although it's a translation.
It's made in Chapters, thirty-four,
With twenty Protocols, or more,
Besides a Declaration.

"But tell me, Pa, what it's about:
Some one, you know, must make it out,
Or nobody's the better."
Well, dear, I'll try, if you'll attend,
The spirit you can comprehend,
So never mind the letter.

All that we've taken from the Czar,
From the beginning of the War,
We are to give him back;
Sebastopol, and six more towns,
And the Crimean hills and downs,
We must surrender, whack.

All the strong forts he had before,
Along the Black Sea's Asian shore,
He is to have again,
That he may bring his armies there,
And make the brave Circassian bear
His long-resisted chain.

If he can raise and take away
The ships he sank, my dear, he may,
And to the Baltic steer 'em;
To have them ready there at need.
One of these days the Dane or Swede
May find them much too near him.

He's not to pay one single sou
Of all the cost he's put us to,
That forty millions, blow him;
Nor give one single guarantee
That what he promises shall be
Performed—and yet we know him.

And we ourselves are so polite
That we resign the ancient Right
We held against the world.
'Twas the old Sea-King's gallant brag;
The homage paid by every flag,
When England's flag unfurled.

"But, Pa, you've only told me, yet,
What these fine Russians are to Get,
Tell me what they're to Do:
I hoped our men, who fought so brave,
Had punished them, and they'd behave
Much better, didn't you?"

My love, that's what we're Thankful for,
We've gained the Objects of the War,
Hearing, from Russian lips,
The Czar will let the Turks alone,
Will not rebuild some forts, of stone,
Or build big Black Sea ships.

And (years to come, though, I'm afraid)
The Danube will be free for trade—
That's all the gain we reap.
"My own Papa, mine Honoured Sire,
When those Park guns began to fire,
You might have let me sleep."

1856.

POEM BY A PERFECTLY FURIOUS ACADEMICIAN.

I TAKES and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry ;
Till savage Ruskin
He sticks his tusk in,
Then nobody will buy.

N.B.—Confound Ruskin ; only that won't come into the poetry—but it's true.

1856.

THE SMILES OF PEACE.

(THE ISLES OF GREECE.)

THE Smiles of Peace, the Smiles of Peace,
By Foreign need from England wrung,
Have bid the cannon's war-shout cease,
The Thanks be said, the Anthem sung :
But there is that (besides our Debt)
Which English hearts should not forget.

It was not, surely, to amuse
The gossip's hour of Club dispute,
We sat down daily to peruse
Those tales from Camp, where man and brute
Alike endured the sternest test
That ever crushed our brave, our best.

Disraeli looks on Palmerston,
And Palmerston on Mr. D.,
And in debates that last till one
They taunt each other skilfully;
But there be questions far too grave
To edge a mere debater's glaive.

Ten thousand men of fearless brow,
On lips they loved laid parting kiss—
O, titled soldiers! answer how
A needless Death has claimed them his.
They went, one well-remembered day—
Some few brief months, and where were they?

What! silent still, and silent all?
O no, the damning charge is read—
Even now, in Chelsea's trophied Hall,
The judges sit, the scrolls are spread,
And haughty blunderers blustering come—
Unknown the shame that makes men dumb.

In vain, in vain accuse those Lords,
All Lords are right, by right divine,
No, gild anew their tarnished swords,
And let bereft plebeians whine:
You ask for proof of soldier's skill—
How vaunts each bungling Bobadil!

You've Lord John Russell's lectures yet,
Where's William Russell's teaching gone:
Of two such lessons, why forget
The bolder and the manlier one?
You have the letters William gave
Think you he meant them for a Shave?

Trust not men who lodge in banks
The price of swords your System sells;
Seek, in the people's healthier ranks
The fire that no disaster quells;
But slang Routine, and jobbing Fraud
Will break your back, however broad.

Along Pall-Mall a martial line!
Our Life-Guards ride with helm and blade.
I see each glittering cuirass shine,
But, gazing on the gay parade,
I own a wish to bite my nails,
To think such horses ate their tails.

Her lofty place would England keep
In Europe's none too loving eye,
She'd make one grand and final sweep
Of all her System's pedantry.
But no—she bows to right divine.
Dash dumb that *Punch's* impious Shine!

1856.

THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR.

AGAINST the rails he leant,
To take a last fond look,
At the kitchen he was petted in,
And the open-handed cook.
He heard the pretty housemaid read—
"The Guards will soon be here,"
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

He thought on beef and pickles,
On the lobster and the crab,
And other dainties that the Force
So well knows how to grab.
He thought of Susan's sixpences,
Of Sarah's supper-beer,
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

For the Guards, the Guards are coming—
A week, and we shall find
His nose put not less out of joint
Than our larder, when he'd dined,
Cousins from the Crimea
With his rights will interfere—
No wonder that the Peeler sighed,
And wiped away a tear.

But there is vengeance in his head,
So do not deem him weak—
There's many a soldier will be watched
And brought before the Beak.
And of his rivals he will try
To keep our kitchens clear,
No sharper eye the steps can guard
Than now lets fall the tear.

1856.

A CALL ON HALL.

BY A MADDENED METROPOLIS.

PUT down the Cries, the frightful Cries
That fill our streets with hideous tones,
And tempt one in one's wrath to rise,
And bang each Wandering Minstrel's bones.

O still that fishman's frantic yell,
O stop that sweep's unearthly note ;
And silence, with policeman spell,
That costermonger's awful throat.

The hearthstone screech affrights the air ;
The milkman's shriek our senses cows ;
The florist's bawling who can bear ;
Or yelp of "pot" from public-house ?
What screams announce the water-creese ;
What shouts the periwinks proclaim ;
While grunting Hebrews never cease
The nasal cry of Houndsditch fame.

The orange-vendors fiercely howl
On every note that tears the ear,
Bellows aloud the dustman foul,
And hoots the boy that brings the beer :
And raving, roaring, up and down,
And roaring, raving, to and fro,
Through every Quiet Street in town,
From dawn till dark the tyrants go.

The sick man groans upon his bed,
The weary worker wakes and sighs,
The student, with bewildered head,
In vain each thinking process tries.

The man of business swears and flees,
What's home with riot at the door,
And who can sit at home at ease
Where all these rampant ruffians roar?

O Hall, to you, who've made your mark,
We stunned and worn-out victims come,
You gave us music in our Park,
Give, give us Silence in our Home.
Pass a short Bill,—a shorter staff
From Scotland Yard to work it send,
And O the thankful health we'll quaff
To Hall, our Hearth's and Household's Friend.

1856.

POEM BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

(COMPOSED ON THE DAY HIS GRACE "DEPRIVED" MR. DENISON.)

TRANSUBSTANTIATION is vexation,
Consubstantiation is as bad;
Archdeacon D. doth trouble me,
And I rather think he's mad.

J. B. CANTUAR.

1856.

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

"While the Lord Mayor elect and some friends were inspecting the preparations for the Guildhall feast, the Lady Mayoress unhesitatingly declared, with reference to the turtle, that 'she did not like the nasty stuff!'"—*Daily News.*

KNOW you the Lady who doesn't like turtle,
And had the fine courage to speak out her mind;
Though Aldermen round her stood scowling like Thurtell,
And even her Chaplain lisped, "Rather unkyind."
Long life to the woman who dared to declare it,
Be her gay Lady-Mayoralty marked by good luck:
Her robe fit divinely—her health last to wear it—
We don't share her taste, but we honour her pluck.

The good City Queen sets a lesson to ladies
Who haven't got minds, or have minds they don't know:
Who don't care if wine comes from China or Cadiz,
And simper alike over venison and *veau!*
We like a companion who knows what she's eating,
(What chance for your tastes, if she's none of her own?)
So hip, hip, hurrah, for November that's seating
A Sovereign like this on the Mansion House throne.

1856.

THE TEN TOWNS.

OR, MR. PUNCH'S COMPLETE HANDBOOK TO HIS FRIEND MR. HILL'S NEW POSTAL PLAN.

ROWLAND HILL has just divided
London's waste of brick by ten;
Every change, of course, is decided,
By our stupid "business-men."
But the plan has pleased their betters,
Hill's new boundary rails are cast,
And those nuisances, our Letters,
Will be brought us twice as fast.

Neither *timide* nor *temerè*
Hill proceeds: his scheme to aid
Rowland begs you'll fix in memory,
These new districts he has made.
Punch, believing that in no land
Works a sounder man than Hill,
Begs to give, in help of Rowland,
Some Mnemonics, framed with skill

Let us take some leading feature
In each district thus assigned,
And the most oblivious creature
Soon will bear the name in mind.

Unto its Initials adding,
Endings new but *apropos*,
Rowland's heart you'll soon be gladding
By the ready skill you'll show.

Thus:—**N. W.**'s region's lying
All around the Regent's Park,
"What **N**ice **W**illas folks are buying
Round those parts," is your remark.
W. holds the whole, or nearly,
Of the Fashionable Squares,
Think of "**W**ealth," or (more severely)
Of the **W**anton **W**aste it dares.

Lawyers, and good Coram's Foundlings,
All are found in **W.C.**
Theatres delight its groundlings,
Wicked **C**reatures, is your key.
Pimlico is in **S.W.**,
Brompton fast, and Chelsea mild,
There the **S**houting **W**retches trouble you
With the Cries that drive you wild.

E's for **E**ngland, represented
By her fittest symbol, Docks,
There's her **E**mpire, sea-cemented,
Throned upon a thousand stocks.

Lady, your **N**ew **E**vening dresses
Come from yonder scorned **N.E.**,
There the weaving Frenchman blesses
Nantes' **E**dict. Ah! *mais oui!*

S. for **S**uburbs, neat and cheapish,
Brixton, Camberwell, Vauxhall,
And one's friend looks rather **S**heepish
Bidding you to come and call;
Yet that part in turn outhectors
Yonder dismal hole **S.E.**,
Southwark, where the **S**nob **E**lectors
Choose Sir Charles and Apsley P.

Under **N.** the map embraces
Islington and Pentonveal,
Folks who ask you to such places,
Are a **N**uisance, don't you feel?
While what's ancient, rich, or witty,
Makes **E.C.** a glorious bunch,
That's our own **E**ternal **C**ity,
Tower and Bank, St. Paul's and *Punch*.

1857.

SONG BY A CAGED BIRD.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE FOUND IN THE CELL OF A DISCHARGED CONVICT, WHO MADE HIS WAY INTO A CHAPLAIN'S HEART BY PIETY, AND, SUBSEQUENTLY, INTO A JEWELLER'S SHOP BY BURGLARY.

The spirit that dictated such an irreverence with Dr. Watts is worthy of the Author.

I CANNOT take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than Paupers I deserve,
In fact, much less than more,
Yet I have food while Paupers starve
And beg from door to door.

The honest Pauper in the street
Half naked you behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

While honest Paupers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a warm and well-aired cell,
With bath-room, gas, and bed.

While Paupers live on workhouse fare,
A grudged and scanty meal,
My table's spread with bread and beer,
And beef, or pork, or veal.

Then since to honest folks, I say,
They put the Workhouse Test,
Why nix my doll palls, fake away,
You'll like the Jug the best.

THE MODEL PRISON.

1857.

THE THREE-LEGGÈD STOOL.

(A NEW SONG.)

Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, and Messrs. Disraeli, Gladstone, and Cobden in the House of Commons, attacked Lord Palmerston on the bombardment of Canton and the energetic measures that he had caused to be taken with regard to China. To quote from the Essence of Parliament, the result of the division on the subject was "For hauling down the British flag, apologizing to the Chinese, and putting Derby, Dizzy, and Gladstone in office, 263; for maintaining the honour of England, and keeping Pam in place, 247. Chinese majority, 16." But the triumph of the factions was of short duration. Lord Palmerston appealed to the country and was immediately returned to office by an overwhelming majority.

WILL you hear of a nobleman's Three-Leggèd Stool
By which he intended to climb up to place,
And how in the sequel he looked like a fool,
When this horse-racing nobleman came to disgrace?
Rule, rule, eager for rule,
Let's hear of the nobleman's Three Leggèd Stool.

To make it, he first had to find out three Legs,
(To a friend of the Turf no such difficult thing)
And 'twas down to the Commons he went for his pegs,
And none can deny he'd the pick of the ring;
School, school, excellent school,
For props for the nobleman's Three-Leggèd Stool.

The first that he chose was at one time a Limb
From a tree out of Jewry, or so goes the joke;
But now a mere nondescript, supple and slim,
A graft badly stuck on the old country oak:
Tool, tool, tricketty tool,
And here was one leg for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

His next bit of wood it was smooth to the view,
It sprang in the soil of a Lancashire park,
Transplanted to Oxford it warped as it grew,
And you know it at once by its Jesuit bark:
Pule, pule, Puseyite pule,
And here were two legs for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

The third he selected with Yorkshire claimed kith,
Had been a good bludgeon in time that's gone by,
But maggots from Russia got right to its pith,
And what was elastic grew stubborn and dry;
Mule, mule, maggoty mule,
And here were three legs for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

Then joining the three by a thing he denies
Should be called Coalition, so let's call it Trick,
On his stool, now complete, my Lord scrambles, and tries
To mount into place, when—by Jove, what a kick!
Cool, cool, plaguily cool,
Old Pam has kicked over the Three-Legged Stool.

And down came the nobleman wop on the floor!
And each of the legs it flew off like a shot,
"If Oxford and Bucks the first two should restore,
Return the third leg," cries old Yorkshire, "I'll not;"
Fool, fool, Faction's a fool;
Lord Derby goes limping, and lame is his Stool.

1857.

THE MUD-FISH.

BY AN INDIGNANT TORY FOOTMAN.

"The Mud-fish at the Crystal Palace escaped from his tank, and could not be found. The other day he was discovered in the marble canal, under a fountain, where he had been amusing himself by eating the gold-fish, and doubling his size."

In Sir Joseph's marble dishes
Cuts about them golden Fishes,
All their life in splendour passes,
Them's you see, Us Hupper Classes.

From his tank, while folks is sleeping,
Comes the nasty Mud-fish leaping,
With no end of spite to-ward us,
That's, you see, the Lower Horders.

Up and down our basin scouring,
All his betters he's devouring,
Gorging till he gets enormous,
Just as would them low Reformers.

Moral struck me when I seed 'em :
Don't give low folks too much freedom :
Gold fish lives on this here basis,
Keep the Mud-fish in their places.

THE GUN, PIMLICO.

1857.

RUSSELL'S LECTURES.

HE's an Idiot that misses the lectures of Russell,
(So cried *Mr. Punch*, breaking out into rhymes ;)
Our Own Correspondent, who witnessed the tussle,
And wrote home the glowing accounts for the *Times*.
Here he sits on a horse (rather smaller than Millais is)
Taking his notes, never heeding the shells :
Be off to his lectures ; he gives them at Willis's,
Fronted by all the most elegant swells.

Ah! if you'd canvassed the country, and asked a poll
Just to determine the one little fact,
Who was our army's best friend at Sebastopol,
William's the boy we'd have heavily backed.
Yes, in those letters, so genial and graphic,
How he exposed the fell curse of Routine,
The system that makes a proud service a Traffic—
That was a story to tell to a Queen.

And how his fierce tales set the hot pulses leaping,
When, in tones like a trumpet's, he told of the fray:
How the broad sheet was dewed with the gentle eyes weeping
That read how our brave ones in agony lay.
And crowning the record that treasures the story
All lustrous with Alma's and Inkerman's name,
How nobly he painted the grand day of glory
That ended the strife in a deluge of flame!

Well, you who would like a concise retrospection
Of all that *de die in diem* you read,
Discreetly compressed, with an added selection
Of capital things in the letters unsaid,
Would you list a discourse full of mettle and muscle,
Hear clashing of sabres, see waving of plumes,
Be off to the lectures which W. H. Russell
Is giving, my Trojans, at Willis's Rooms.

1857.

O, SHAM, WHERE IS THY BLUSH?

"Sham—a word the English of which I doubt, and the Parliamentary use of which I would almost deprecate."—*Mr. Disraeli, July 7.*

"THERE's a word I'd never use—
'Tis Sham," remarked the Asian mystic:
Henceforth who'll venture to accuse
Dizzy of being—egotistic?

1857.

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.

A FELLOW that's single, a fine fellow's he;
But a fellow that's married's a felo de se.

1857.

THE DEMONS OF PIMLICO.

EDWIN, *a young Bard, who has taken a lodging in a quiet street in Belgravia, that he may write his Oxford Prize Poem. The Interlocutors are* Demons *of both sexes.*

Edwin (*composing*). When the bright fountain sparkling never ceases
Its gush of liquid music,
Female Demon. "Wa-ter-creeee-ses!"
Edwin. Where, plashing on the marble floor, it tinkles
In silver cadence,
Male Demon. "Buy my perriwinkles!"

Edwin. Where the sad Oread oft retires to weep
Her long-lost love, her unforgiving
Black Demon. "Sweep!"
Edwin. And tears that comfort not must ever flow
At thought of every joy departed,
Demon from Palestine. "Clo'!"
Edwin. There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,
Tracing in air fantastic
Italian Demon. "Imagees;"
Edwin. And weave long grasses into lovers' knots,
And wish the spell had power to silence
Demon in apron. "Pots!"
Edwin. What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,
A playful Leda with her Jove burns
Ragged old Demon. "Matches!"
Edwin. She opes her treasure cells, like Portia's caskets,
And bids me choose her
Demon with cart. "Baskets, any baskets!"
Edwin. Spangles the air with thousand coloured silks,
That float like clouds in dying sunset,
Old Demon. "Whilks!"
Edwin. Garments of which the fairies might make habits,
Where Oberon holds his court, and
Lame Demon. "Ostend rabbits!"
Edwin. Visions like those the Interpreter of Bunyan's
Displayed to Mercy and young Matthew
Demon with a stick. "Onions!"

Edwin. And prompted glowing utterances, to their kin
Who sang, when Earth was younger,
Dirty Demon. "Hareskin, hareskin!"
Edwin. In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind
In their own lustrous languor,
Demon with wheel. "Knives to grind!"
Edwin. Though gone, the Deities that long ago
Haunted Arcadia's perfumed meads,
Grim Demon. "Dust-ho!"
Edwin. Though from her radiant bow no Iris settles
Like some bright butterfly to
Swarthy Demon. "Mend your kettles!"
Edwin. Though sad and silent is the ancient seat
Where the Olympians raised their proud
Demon with skewers. "Cat's me-e-e-e-at!"
Edwin. There is a spell that none can chase away
From scenes once visited by
Demon with organ. "Poor Dog Tray!"
Edwin. There is a charm whose power must ever blend
The past and present in its
Demon with rushes. "Chairs to mend!"
Edwin. And still unbanished falters on the ear
The Dryad's voice of music,
Demon with can. "Any beer!"
Edwin. Still Pan and Syrinx wander through the groves,
Still Zephyr murmurs
She-Demon. "Shavings for your stoves!"

Edwin. The spot God visited is sacred ground,
And Echo answers
Second Demon with organ. "Bobbing all round!"
Edwin. Ay and for ever, while this planet rolls,
To its sphere music
Demon with fish. "Mackerel or soles!"
Edwin. While crushed Enceladus in torment groans,
Beneath his Etna shrieking,
Little Demon. "Stones, hearthstones!"
Edwin. While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand
Of Grecia,
Third Demon with organ. "O,'tis hard to give the hand!"
Edwin. While as the cygnet nobly walks the water,
So moves on Earth the fair
Fourth Demon with organ. "Ratcatcher's Daughter!"
Edwin. And the Acropolis reveals to man
Thy stately loveliness,
Fifth Demon with organ. "My Mary Anne."
Edwin. So long the presence, yea, the Mens Divina,
That once inspired both
Sixth Demon with organ. "Vilikins and his Dinah!"
Edwin. Shall breath o'er every land wheresoe'er the
eye shoots,
Or ocean plays
Six dirty German Demons with brass.
"The Overture to Freischütz."

[EDWIN *goes mad.*

1857.

A ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

WITH A MORAL FOR ALL LONDONERS.

PRETTY Flora St. Clair was a milliner fair,
Her smile it was pleasant to view,
And so thought the grave Alexander Bolair,
And so thought the gay Harry Blew.

Pretty Flossy St. Clair didn't very much care
Which Swell her devotion should bless;
Bolair had dark eyes and magnificent hair,
But Blew was a stunner at dress.

She would wait till one chose for her charms to propose:
Not long her suspense was to be,
For the very same Sunday both gentlemen rose,
Determined to write to Miss C.

Each penned his best vows, that if she'd be his spouse,
He'd be true as that nuisance, Dog Tray;
Each posted his letter, to be at her house
The very first thing the next day.

On Monday Miss Flossy, with ringlets so glossy,
Received at 9·30, Bolair's,
And instantly wrote and accepted, because he
Had chanced to be first with his prayers.

But at 10·45 did Blew's letter arrive,
Too late: she was pledged to the first,
And the elegant Henry's intention to wive
Has (perhaps for his good) been reversed.

"But," asks a sharp *vox*, "why with different knocks
Were the letters delivered?" All fair.
Blew simply employed a Receiving-House Box,
A Pillar-Box clinked for Bolair.

The latter they clear ere the dawn-streaks appear,
And Aurora's red fingers make sign,
While Receiving-House letters, O lovers give ear!
Are not fetched from the shops until IX.

And Flora St. Clair is now Mrs. Bolair,
And like Nourmahal (in edged frills),
She whispers, and twines his magnificent hair—
"Remember the Pillar of Hill's."

1857.

A COUNTERBLAST FOR PUFFING.

(TO BE COMMITTED TO MEMORY.)

My son, each rogue eschew
Of the Advertising pack.
He's generally a Jew,
Invariably a Quack.

1857.

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

WHO pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

Who slanders our brave ones? What, puling again!
You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey;
Should the females, the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged——" Away with your slanders, away!

Our swords come for slaughter: they come in the name
Of Justice: and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust:
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in his name—
"Thy foot shall be dipped in the blood of thy foe,
And the tongue of thy dogs shall be red through the same."

1857.

A VISION OF SIREN SOUP.

The Alderman woke from his nightmare, howling a terrible cry:
Punched his wife's face with his elbow: at morning she had a black eye:
Started the lady in terror, giving a species of scream,
And this was old Blogg's apology, this, the account of his dream:—

"SALLY, I'm blest if our Sammy, next time he comes
home from school,
Tells them there stories at supper, I'll take and I'll
wop the young fool.
What was his call for relating things that I'll swear
isn't fax,
How Mr. Whatshisname bunged up the ears of them
sailors with wax.

"How them young females like mermaids had petti-
coats all made of scales:
The schoolmasters ought to be towelled for filling
boys' heads with such tales,
And how they sang songs for seducing the crews of
the ships as they passed,
And this cove kept himself from their clutches by
getting tied up to a mast.

"I suppose as I mixed up together Sam's anecdotes
touching them drabs
With my sausages, kidney, Welsh rabbit, Scotch ale
scolloped oysters, and crabs,
Or whatever beside I'd for supper, a meal that no
Alderman misses,
And I dreamt, Sal, as I was the party—the name I
remember—Ulysses.

"I dreamt I were sailing the ocean, enjoying the
motion uncommon,
(You know what I'd soon a-been doing at sea, was I
waking, old 'oman)
And what did I see on a rock (it's as true as the
sermon in church),
Why, one of the liveliest turtles as ever flapped fin at
old Birch.

"But, Sal, he worn't laying discreet, like a babe with
a shell for its bed,
A waiting with proper decorum till somebody cut off
his head;
But with him a codfish and wenison, all balancing
upon their end,
And playing on music, and calling me, just as if I was
their friend.

"'Nice kind of impident critters,' says I to a sailor
or two;
I'll just take a swim to them rocks, and astonish the
rascals a few;'
Just fancy me saying it, Sally, and talking of swimming
so fine,
That haven't once taken a bath since the year
1809.

"And by Gog I were going to do it, regardless of wetting my togs,
The wittles kep bleating and crying: 'Come here, Mr. Alderman Bloggs!'
When the sailors they clutched at my collar, with knuckles so bony and big,
And held me as tight as policemen keep hold of a slippery prig.

"It was no use my bawling and scolding, for just at that minute again
That Sammy's infernal description came back to bewilder my brain:
Their ears were all full of red sealing-wax—some one had dropped it in hot,
And sealed it with dominy dirrijee—what's on the Mayor's silver pot.

"Then all the three impident critters they plopped all at once in the sea,
And with their windictive mouths open, came swimming to get hold of me,
And making all queer kinds of noises, they swarmed up the side of the boat,
And I felt their wet flappers and noses beginning to get at my throat.

"So then I bawled out in my terror, the thing having
got past a joke,
And striking out fiercely at random, I'm happy to say
as I woke."
To all which instructive narration his Lady vouchsafed
no reply;
But with what she called Odour-Cologney sat sulkily
dabbing her eye.

1857.

MERCATOR.

During the month of November the commercial pressure was so severe, that Lord Palmerston suspended the operation of the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

MERCATOR growls, like any Bruin,
At Palmerston's Suspending lines,
That saved ten thousand homes from ruin,
But baffled Capital's designs.

"Things should have had their way," he cries,
"All weakly traders gone to smash;
The air a storm but purifies,
And splendid interest 's got for Cash."

When, from his counter near St. Paul's,
They raised him to a Peer's degree,
What waste to give the man Four balls!
His much more fitting type was Three.

1857.

METALLIC OPERATIONS.

The Leviathan (better known as the Great Eastern) could not be launched for some months after its completion.

MARK the *Leviathan* lying up there all dry;
Pity the shareholders' panics:
"Metal on Metal" we knew was false heraldry,
Now it's declared false mechanics.

1857.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAM.

BY A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY POET.

HERE is a bother, here's a to-do,
About using one letter instead of two!
And why are the Greeks to teach us to call
A thing the spalpeens niver heard of at all?
(Unless you suppose the spark in the wire
Was known to them by the name of Greek Fire).
End it with Phi, or end it with Mu,
What does it signify which you do?

End it with Mu, or end it with Phi,
The point's not worth a potaty's eye,
Contemn such ulthrapedantic appeals,
And put your shoulders to these two wheels,
Reduce the charges, which now is plundering,
And teach the clerks to spell without blundering.

1857.

SO MOST PEOPLE THINK.

The Berkeley family were at this period airing their private grievances at great length in the papers.

When Bishop Berkeley raised the cry "No Matter,"
He used two words than which no answer's patter
When the existing Berkeleys scrawl, or chatter.

1857.

To DISRAELI.

Big Ben is cracked, we needs must own,
Small Ben is sane, past disputation;
Yet we should like to know whose tone
Is most offensive to the nation.

1857.

HAVELOCK.

He is gone. Heaven's will is best,
Indian turf o'erlies his heart.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead he keeps the realm he saved.
Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald verse;
Let us hear no words of fame
Sounding loud a deathless name;
Tell us of no vauntful glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"In Hoc Signo," pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him;
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for Duty done.

1858.

WHAT JENNER SAID

ON HEARING IN ELYSIUM THAT COMPLAINTS HAD BEEN MADE OF HIS HAVING A STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

ENGLAND, ingratitude still blots
The escutcheon of the brave and free :
I saved you many a million spots,
And now you grudge one spot to me.

1858.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW.

MILES STANDISH, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy ;
Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and hooks it.
Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back as a friend to the wedding,
If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

1858.

MAINTENANT DONC.

WE'VE got a great artist, a lady named Titiens,
Whose praises we'd sing, but her name will not rhyme.
Stuff! Horace reminds you, with "*Tantalus sitiens*,"
We've Thirsted for music like hers a long time.

1858.

SAM.

A MELANCHOLY BUT INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, AND ON HORACE SMITH'S "GEORGE BARNEWELL."

Sam Soapey stood at his Palace door,
Promotion hoping to find, Sir;
His Apron it hung down before,
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir.*
A Lady, so painted and smart,
Cried "Pardon my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart,
Now, what do you think of Confession?"
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
And red was her ladyship's toggery,
And folks who are thought to be wise,
Recognised a professor of roguery.
A bundle of Keys at her waist—
Says she, "I can help you, Sir, that I can,
In the South I am very much graced,
And I live at a place called the Vatican."
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

* Hierarchical wigs have no tails, and hierarchical Oxford has no wig, but trifles must not quench the sacred fire of poesy.

Her language his wits did bereave,
She proceeded to carney and gabble on,
And at last (which you'd hardly believe)
He smirked at the Lady of Babylon.
Says he, "I should get in a scrape,
Could my late and respectable Sire hark;
He'd frown should a Wilberforce ape
A sleek Ultramontanist hierarch."
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

Says she, "Don't be frightened at names,
You've always to Rome had a tendency!
Stand up for Confession; your game's
To struggle for priestly ascendency.
Cut the priest a back-way to the house,
And you've cut through the isthmus of Darien:
Fathers, husbands, are not worth a souse
After that, my fine stout-legged Tractarian.
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

"Let laymen surrender their rights
To the curate; he knows what his trade is;
He'll keep the wife's conscience from frights,
And he will 'direct' the young ladies.
Get the women but under your thumb,
No chance for the male interlopers,
They may talk and protest till they're dumb.
The priest has the sway—and the coppers."
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

This counsel he took from his love,
And in Parliament's very next Session
He pleaded, with voice of a dove,
For "the excellent rite called Confession."
But Premiers are wary, and *they* can see
Whom 'tis expedient to fish up;
Lo! an archiepiscopal vacancy,
And Sam is *not* made an Archbishop.
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

"If that Woman were here, dash my wigs,"
Cried he, "I'd come Luther and Knox at her,
I'd slate the old mother of prigs,
And raise my episcopal *vox* at her.
I fancied I'd made such a rare book,
And now I'm in just the wrong box for 't;
Had I struck to my Anglican Prayer-book,
I should not have stuck Bishop of Oxford."
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

MORAL.

(*Too obvious to need telling.*)

1858.

ADIEU TO THE COMET.

This was Donati's comet, which was very brilliant during September and October, and created great sensation throughout England.

WHAT, off so soon, for whom so long we waited!
Have we displeased you, Wanderer of the sky,
By flippant jests have you been aggravated,
Or felt insulted that we dared to pry?

Accept apologies, we didn't mean it;
Stars must permit the tribute of a stare;
Come, shake your tail, and from that star-dust clean it,
Nor look as sulky as your friend the Bear.

Still savage with the earth, and turning from it?
Well, *enfant trouvé* of Donati, go:
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting" Comet
Is perhaps polite above as here below.

One hardly knows, though, why you can't endure us;
For you we've taxed our eulogistic powers;
That night you stuck your tail before Arcturus
We screamed and shouted "Beautiful!" for hours.

Not only have we hymned your matchless splendour,
But given you that with which you've nought to do:
Our fruits so plentiful, our game so tender,
Our glorious summer—all ascribed to you.

Will nothing move you to delay your moving,
And charm us longer with that radiant face?
No, the Grand Orrery of Newton's grooving
Twists your head round—Away! through endless space.

From the old grandsire wondering "if that *be* you,"
With his white hair dishevelled in the breeze,
To the quick, bright-eyed babe held up to see you,
While the fond mother fancies that it sees.

Queen on her terrace, Sage with ardour mounting
Tower whence his Galileo-glass is thrust,
Will be in time by you not worth the counting,
Scattered and undistinguishable dust.

Dares a bold atom ask, with brain half dizzy,
What you will see ten thousand years to come;
This planet still an ant's nest black and busy,
Or an extinct volcano, white and dumb?

Will you behold, if keeping that appointment
(Made for you, Sir, by Airy and by Hind),
Men still anointing kings with holy ointment,
And priests still leading, as the blind the blind?

Earth's choicest youth fierce rushing to the slaughter
That two crowned fools may wreak their idiot pet;
Or wiser Christians' blood poured out like water
That Jews may gamble with a nation's debt?

Will that day's Patriot be a mouthing truckler,
Setting proud Freedom's hymn to Freedom's dirge?
Will law be still the rich man's shield and buckler,
The good man's terror and the poor man's scourge?

Will you find Life a hot and blindfold scrimmage?
Men straining, struggling, scrambling for red gold:
And Faith still worshipping the Golden Image
Reared by King Beelzebub in days of old?

Will Europe then have ceased to "make Religion
A rhapsody of words"—and some unclean:
Asia have plucked her curst Mohammed's pigeon,
Or Yankeedom her bird of prey, obscene?

Will all that world, with coronet and plaudit
Reward Success, while Merit's scorned and passed?
Will man ignore that great and dreadful Audit,
When Lies shall fail—the first time and the last?

Who know? Off glorious Star-horse, clothed with thunder,
Thou hast no right to make a light strain sad;
Yet he wrote well, who wrote, thou parting Wonder—
"An undevout Astronomer is mad."

1858.

THE STORY OF THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.

The centenary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated at the Crystal Palace on Jan. 25. A prize of £50 for the best poem on the subject was gained by Miss Isa Craig.

Out of the half thirty thousand, who went on the
birthday of Robert,
Minstrel of Scotland, deceased, the gifted and gracious
Exciseman,
Down to the Palace of Crystal, set on the green hill
of Sydenham,
One, a competitive bard, unhappily baulked of the
guineas,
Proposes to sing of that day and the shameful defeat
of the Poets,
The ill-fated sons of Apollo, who found themselves
pitched to Apollyon.

Warm was the morning—in fact, it was one of the
mornings called muggy—
And warm were the mugs of the multitude met at the
London Bridge Station,
Mopping their brows with their kerchiefs, and asking
if this were a winter.
Crowding and crushing there was, as is ever the wont
of the public,

Although there was plenty of time, and likewise abundance of carriage;
But half of an Englishman's pleasure is taking the other half foolishly.

Down to the Palace we went, passing the mountainous warehouses,
Passing the stockbrokers' villas, passing the Forester's picture,
Passing the Megalotheria and antediluvian reptiles
Standing out white in the morning, as clean as our shirt-fronts and cleaner.
And so to the structure of glass; some by the awful long passages
Stuck with placards and announcements which nobody stayed to decipher;
Some by the garden and up through the mechanical dungeon
Where water-pumps splash in your face, and steam-engines bother your senses.
Thus some reached the Chapter of Kings and others the Fountain of Rimmel
(Fountain more sweet than Bandusian, nymph with more smiles than Egeria),
So we all gathered at last beneath the proud vault of the transept.

Truly, as writers remark whose lines are well guerdoned by pennies,
The scene which arrested the eye was little way short of imposing.
Full in the midst was a bust which the vulgar described as a buster—
Burns, with gold wreath on his brow, size the colossal, by Marshall.
Round him, but smaller, the bards of the soul-stirring days when he flourished,
Near him was drawn, like a bow, a shrine of a tasteful description,
Wherein, but secured by plate-glass (for collectors are thundering prigs),
Lay in their niches Burns relics, autographs, snuff-boxes, letters,
Hair of the poet himself, hair of his loved Highland Mary,
The portrait by Nasmyth undoubted, likewise the portrait by Taylor,
Which folks have accepted as Robert, but which I believe to be Gilbert;
There too the worm-eaten desk on which was composed Tam o' Shanter,
Brown as the limbs of the hags who danced in the Scottish Walpurgis;
All were arranged for the best by the active and vigilant Shenton.

And fiercely the multitude shoved for a glance at the sacred memorial,
While stalwart policemen requested we'd take the thing cool and remember
The palace was not like Aladdin's—would stay till we'd all had our innings.

Then did we speak of the work, the great Fifty Guineas Prize Poem,
Read, I should state, in the trains, thanks to Whitefriars typography;
Scowled on by all the defeated, praised by unprejudiced thousands:
Whose are the soft flowing lines, whose the magnificent images?
Who comes to collar the cheque upon which, in beneficent marriage,
Unite the twin names of the donors, of Bradbury coupled with Evans?
Betting broke valiantly forth: it was Aytoun, the gallant Professor;
'Twas young Bulwer-Lytton, the son of the gifted and versatile Baronet;
Twas Smith (Alexander) perfervid, 'twas Massey the massy, 'twas Arnold,
'Twas Coventry Patmore, 'twas V (the lady who taught in "Paul Ferrol"

That when your wife gets disagreeable, you're perfectly right to destroy her),
'Twas Quallon, 'twas Browning, 'twas perhaps Mrs. Norton, more likely Miss Procter,
And one man declared he had heard from another who moved in good circles
That some one had seen a dispatch received by Sir Bulwer from Corfù,
Containing not only a speech to the noisy Septinsular rascals,
But a beautiful poem—in fact, that the elegant poet was Gladstone.
Betting went valiantly on, till the clocks gave the hour for the concert,
All but the big clock of Bennett's, which seems to be minus some bowels.

Then round the orchestra drew thousands on thousands of Shillings,
Crowding and crushing and squeezing, while in the well-guarded centre
Haughtily lounged the Half-crowns, where seats were reserved for their lordships.
There were the critics and crinolines, all the most choice aristocracy.
Endured was the music, which might at less feverish time have found favour,

But now it was felt as a bore, and the audience
counted the pieces,
And rejoiced as the number to hear became rapidly
fewer and fewer,
And only Miss Dolby's bright notes commanded a
single *encore*.
'Twas the poem we wanted—the poem—or rather the
name of the author.

Lapsed fifteen minutes or more, a red cloth was hung
on the rostrum
Oh ! and the men were so clumsy, and ladies became
so impatient,
Saying that *they* could have fixed up the stupid affair
in two minutes.
Over it flapped, and behold ! no, not the name of the
writer,
But the word Silence, in capitals. Forth came a yell
of derision ;
Tell us the tidings, and trust us for holding our tongues
while you do it.

Then Phelps, the great actor, came forth with bearing
right stern and majestic,
And loud was his voice as he bawled (nothing short
of a bawl would have answered)
That he came to announce who had won. Mr. Grove
till then rigidly guarding

The mystical envelope, handed the same to the famous tragedian.
Broke was the seal with a flourish, as Warde used to do in Gustavus,
Gazed o'er the lines Mr. Phelps, and then in a tone like the thunder
When lightning has shivered the pine, and the cloud with a terrible laughter
Growls at the wreck it hath wrought, proclaimed to the mouth-opened myriads
The poet is named Isa Craig. The poet's abode is in Pimlico.

Blackness of darkness came o'er me, the rest is a blank and a blanket,
Nought can I say for myself regarding the subsequent business.
They say there were shouting and cries, that the name was repeated by all men,
That Phelps read the Ode most superbly, that plaudits came down in big volleys,
That all were agreed that the poem was what you might call a slapupper.
I know not. I only can state that scarce had my being recovered
The shock that ensued on my hearing how fatally I was defeated,

Not by an Aytoun or Bulwer, not by a Gladstone or Procter
(Stretched as, Pelides remarks, a hero by blow from a hero),
But by a lady unknown, a girl from a suburb S.W.
When out came a ghastly placard, inscribed by the merciless Shenton,
Forcing the fact on the eye, already too deep in the brain-pan.
Fainting I staggered away, fell on a kind Scottish couple,
Husband and wife, who felt pity, and instantly hastened to show it.
He gave me some snuff from a mull as big as the ewer on my washstand,
She gave me some drink from a flask that scarcely held less than a demijohn.
Out then I rushed from the Palace, cursing all poems and all poets,
Hating Tom Taylor and Milnes, loathing Malgaultier Martin,
Banning the firm at Whitefriars, foaming at Burns and his birthday.
As for the rest; I forget, perhaps I'd additional whiskey;
One thing alone I can state—I passed Tuesday night in the station-house.

1850.

HINT TO AN OLD PARTY.

How should you know that you are fat,
  How should you know that you are grey,
How should you, too, be certain that
  You're old, and age-ing every day?
Say, do young ladies glance askew,
  Speak low and quick, or drop their eyes:
Or do they frankly look at you,
  Chat, smile, shake hands? Old Goose, be wise.

1359.

KEEP IT DRY.

It is not that a small bird sings
  With aught of warning voice,
And bids distrust Anointed kings,
  Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
We trust them all, with all our soul,
  We know their honour's high;
But still we think, upon the whole,
  We'll keep our powder dry.

No Monarch ever broke his word,
  Far less the oaths he swore,
Or if such things have e'er occurred
  'Twas in bad days of yore.

All kings are now so good and true,—
What, doubt a Sovereign, fie !
But still, John Bull, 'twixt me and you,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No nation lashed by dastard greed,
Or priests, or ancient spite,
Will clamour to its chiefs to lead
Its armies to the fight.
We're all a band of brothers, John,
All linked by friendship's tie ;
But this one whim we'll act upon,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No statesman now is led astray
By love of place, or fame,
To urge his wavering prince to play
At war's infernal game.
They're all so cosmopolitan,
For justice each would die ;
And yet it's just as well, old man,
To keep your powder dry.

No chance lest hot sea-captains clash
On far Atlantic waves,
And raise a quarrel o'er such trash
As buccaneers, or slaves.

No distant parties burn to thrust
Lean fingers in the pie?
But although we're all belief and trust,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
No soldiers mass and drill;
No royal hands, on rifle's lock,
Test how the gun will kill.
No cannon stores with strange increase
Pacific pledge belie:
But though the world's so lapped in peace,
We'll keep our powder dry.

1859.

THE CIPHERING BOY.

James Howard Harris, Earl of Malmesbury, was Foreign Minister in Lord Derby's Cabinet.

"I CANNOT print," said meek Lord Mam,
"All the despatches you apply for,
For mortally afraid I am
Lest foreigners find out our Cipher."

That fear comes late, 'tis past a doubt.
Ask at Vienna, Lisbon, Paris,
Long since they've found our Cipher out,
And know his name's James Howard Harris.

1859.

AD ARABELLAM.

A FACT, long known to him, kind Punch may be
Allowed to gratulate his rara avis on
Joy to the Lady of the Keys! From G
The music of her Life's transposed to D.,
And Arabella Goddard's Mrs. Davidson.

1859.

"WHO HAS TAKEN AWAY MY SCISSORS?"

A GRACEFUL, CLASSICAL, AND COMPLIMENTARY IMPROMPTU BY MR. PUNCH, ON HEARING THE ABOVE INQUIRY MADE BY AN EMINENT MEDICAL MAN.

So baffled Atropos inquired (a fact 'tis)
When you had been some little time in practice.

1859.

TOLERABLY SAFE.

THE Duke of Somerset on Pension
Will surely never dare insist,
For not the most insane invention
Can put him in a *Civil* List.

1859.

HORACE FOR LADIES.

CARM. I. 23.

"Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe."

O LILIAN dear, you're just eighteen,
And I am nearly forty-three;
But that's no reason, little queen,
That you should seem so shy of me.

Whene'er I come you run away,
Just like a timid, foolish fawn;
Rush to the instrument to play,
Or join the children on the lawn.

I'm not a tiger, fawn, you know,
Although a Lion in saloons;
Why run from me with such a show
Of love for brats, and birds, and tunes?

Come; add eighteen to forty-three,
That's only sixty-one between us:
My wife I've vowed that you shall be,
So take this ring, my little Venus.

CARM. I. 31.

"Quid dedicatum poscit?"

WHEN the active Club-waiter removes soup and fish,
And pops the champagne, and I drink with a wish,
What goes up, as the tipple goes down?
Do I wish Rothschild's riches, all piled up in lots,
Or horses for Doncaster, trained at John Scott's,
Or the pick of Cowes harbour, the queen of the yachts;
I'm not such a Nass, Bessy Brown.

I don't ask a moor for the slaughter of grouse,
I don't ask a seat for the boring the House,
Nor covet a Gladstone's renown;
I don't want a stake in the country, my dear
(Though I like one in town, with good oyster sauce near),
And I'd not give a farthing to shoot, spout, or steer,
Bother votes, floats, and boats, Bessy Brown.

But I wine with a wish, and I wish with a whine
That an ancient and fishlike old uncle of mine
With decentish dust would come down—

Which means—a snug house, and nice dinners to munch,
Occasional pâté and Chablis for lunch,
A study for smoking, and writing for *Punch*,
By the way, too, a wife, Bessy Brown.

CARM. I. 8.

"Lydia, dic per omnes
Te deos."

MRS. JONES, upon my life,
You're a very pretty wife,
And your arms are very round, and your eyes are very blue,
But it's really rather hard
That Jones should be debarred
From every kind of lark to attend on you.

When we'd have him come and hunt
He only gives a grunt,
And a sort of intimation that he'd rather not.
And you made him throw a damp
On our party to the camp,
You refused to let him go with us to Aldershott.

The thing's to such a pass got,
He wouldn't come to Ascot.
He went with you to Chiswick on the Derby day;

He was very fond of whist,
But it seems that you insist
He shall drop his acquaintance with any friends who play.

So much the rein you tighten
That the day he went to Brighton
He wouldn't come with us for a bathe at Brills'
Because he was afraid
You might come on the Parade,
And miss him, and you ordered him to buy some pills.

He used to box and fence,
In which there was some sense,
And exercise would keep him in good health and thinner;
But he's given up glove and mask,
It appearing that you ask
He should always be at home at five o'clock to dinner.

Mrs. Jones, with eyes of blue,
I say, M'm, this won't do;
Dismiss tyrannic maggots from your pretty little noddle.
Do you like that men should sneer
When your Peter Jones comes near,
And say, "Here comes poor Peter, the henpecked mollycoddle?"

CARM. I. 38.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

BUTTONS, you booby, I wish you would learn;
I don't want the big lamp, nor yet the épergne
When I sit down to dine by myself.
I'll have no made-dishes in future; tell cook
She may keep her receipts shut up close in her book,
Her stock in tureen, and her game on her hook,
And her Bang-Mary bright on her shelf.

And you lay the table-cloth neatly and straight
(You're a stupid young owl, and you won't learn to wait,
You're always too slow, or too fast);
I'll just have two chops, underdone, if you please,
Some stout in the pewter, a tin of stewed cheese,
Then some port, wherein flutter the wings of the bees,
Will make up my modest repast.

CARM. I. 5.

"Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ."

WITH what handsome swell who serves the Queen
Are you flirting, widow, now;
And for whom does the fragrant bandoline
Hold down those braids of glossy sheen
Beside that ivory brow?

With whom do you sit in the pleasant gloom
Of your crimson opera-box,
For whom by your side is there always room,
And a look of vexation you assume
When some other dandy knocks?

Poor young officer, faultless swell,
Lad with embroidered shirt,
One of these days you'll know too well
That it's a most unpleasant sell
To be spoons on that heartless flirt.

Hangs in my hall a hat, once gay,
Which I had not worn a month
When I ran in the rain to buy a bouquet,
That, as soon as I'd gone, she gave away
To Brooks of the Onety-Oneth.

1859.

VESTIGES OF CREATION.

"The Serpentine and the whole of Belgravia were formerly a lagoon of the Thames."—*Sir S. M. Peto in the Times.*

WHAT, all Belgravia grand and fine,
Was once a mess of marsh and lakes!
Professor Owen be it thine
To prove it in a brace of shakes.

Tell doubters that they need not sneer,
Nor set their puddle-minds in storm;
For all the ancient life is here,
And only changed in outward form.

The slimy reptile here, no doubt,
Wriggled and crawled in greed or malice:
Now see the Courtier creep about—
Near as he dares to yonder Palace.

If tadpoles in the marsh were black,
There is one Coningsby can tell
Belgravia's Tadpoles swim in track
Where Tapers guide them to Pall Mall.

If the old lake was rich in toads,
Look out, and you'll be sure to meet 'em;
If not, it is because such loads
Of people here delight to eat 'em.

With cackling ducks the old lagoon
At times, perchance, alive was seen:
Our Ducks come out each afternoon
And chatter in their Crinoline.

Lay serpents in the wet nooks twined?
We still can point them out at need:
Search any street, and you shall find
Some home empoisoned by their breed.

Doubtful if Thames were ever den
Where the old monsters made their feasts,
But if we'd Mega-Theria then,
We still can show a few great Beasts.

Adjutants, or Gigantic Cranes,
Croaked o'er the marsh with voices hard.
The first at yonder barracks trains
The Cranes are loud in Cubitt's yard.

Just as "in earth there is no beast
But's rendered in some fish of sea,"
One would not say we'd lost the least
Of that old marsh's family.

1859.

THE VAN-DEMON.

THE Van, the Van! the hurrying Van!
Terror alike of beast and man;
With awful rush and roaring sound
It thunders merrily over the ground.
It smashes the cabs, it crushes the flies,
Before it in ruin the tax-cart lies.
I'm on the Van, I'm on the Van!
Let people get out of the way who can.

Jolly the day when the Van was born,
In the noddle of Pickford, or Chaplin and Horne;
Says they, "The people denounce as slow
The waggons so huge from our yards that go.
We'll build a Van that hath equal space,
And horse it with horses that go the pace;
With a scowling blackguard the box we'll man,
Let people get out of the way who can."

I have lived since then in storm and strife,
The fierce Van-Demon's right jovial life.
I drive like mad,—if a cove complains,
He gets an oath or a cut for his pains;
And right and left doth the traffic fly,
When my thundering Juggernaut car comes by.
I scrunch folks' spokes as you'd scrunch a fan—
Let people get out of the way who can.

1859.

THE LION AND THE EAGLES.

This is in reference to the Franco-Austrian war.

RED beaks and red talons, wild wheeling, and soaring,
Hot eyes darting hate, twin fierce screams of disdain,
Then a rush to mad grapple, and see, there comes pouring
Torn plumage, in blood, on the beautiful plain!

So fight the fell Eagles, while deep in the forest
There pants in heart-tremble the Dove on her spray;
Yet courage, thou gentle one, all thou abhorrest
Is crippled, self-maimed, in that venomous fray.

Who watches the Eagles: whose calm steady eye on
Their struggle is turned with the glance of a King?
Some live who can speak how the eye of the Lion
Has flamed into fire as he surged for a spring.

Some live not. What savage beside him is lying?
Avenged the pure blood on that savage's claws.
It is not so long since the Tiger lay dying
A prey to the wrath of those terrible jaws.

'Tis whispered, (yet who hath such secret in keeping?
That when the fell Eagles from conflict shall part,
A stoop may be made upon lambs that are sleeping
In folds very dear to the Lion's great heart.

It may be—He knows he has torn down all foemen,
He knows WHO has armed him with courage and might,
And (accepting one enemy's corse as an omen)
The Lion of England is watching the fight.

1859.

INFALLIBILITY'S FOUR REASONS.

"His Holiness is said to have assigned four reasons for refusing to become President of the proposed Italian Confederation."—*L'Univers.*

"Come, Pope, my dear Pope," says good Emperor Nap,
"Make one on this joyful occasion;
I've got a new crown for your three-storied cap,
Be Head of our Con-fed-e-ra-tion.
A favour like this, for the sake of a peace,
I'm sure that you will not deny us;
'Twill give the old Papacy's life a new lease."
"I'm blowed if I will," says Pope Pius.

"O, don't talk like that, Holy Daddy," says N.,
"Remember my aid and my succour:
I saved your crown once, and may do so again,
Next time you get into a pucker.
If you'll be the Head of the Union, you see,
You'll give it a Catholic bias,
That's doing what's right by the Church and Saint P."
"I'm hanged if I will," says Pope Pius.

"But why?" says L. N., "if a layman might ask,
And what is your little objection?

I need not remind you there's work in the task
To keep down your flock's disaffection.
And if you came out as a friend of the free
(You've power both to bind and untie us),
You'd make things more pleasant for you and the See."
"I'm dashed if I will," says Pope Pius.

Says Napoleon (*aside*), "The old pig is a fool,
I wish it were lawful to curse him,
He's got no more sense than his own Holy Mule,
I've a precious good mind to coerce him."
Then (*aloud*) "Holy Father, I pray on my knees,
That with more condescension you'll eye Us—
Come, head the Confederacy, do. If you please?"
"I'm d-Blessed if I will," says Pope Pius.

1859.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

COMPARE Correspondence with Articles. Never
Will reader incline to dispute these two rules:
Most persons who write For a journal are clever;
Most persons who write To a journal are fools.

1859.

PUNCH TO CAVOUR.

"Count Cavour . . . has retired in disgust, from the proud position he has so long filled."—*Times, July 14th.*

COUNT O'Cavourneen, the bubble is breaking,
You've had the last scene, Solferino's red hill,
The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,
Count O'Cavourneen, what, Minister still?
O hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever
In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
Thy vow to clear out all the Hapsbugs for ever?
The vermin still linger, Cavour of my heart.

Cavourneen, Cavourneen, the dead lie in numbers
Beneath the torn turf where the living made fight;
In the bed of My Uncle the Emperor slumbers,
But Italy's Hapsbugs continue to bite.
Well done, my Cavour, they have cut short the struggle
That fired all the pulses of Italy's heart;
And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle;
Cavour, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.

1859.

THE ENGLISH VANDAL.

"The memorials of the Redan have been respected. There is disfiguring writing upon them, but it is *English*."—*Times Correspondent.*

YES, pious hands, on the Redan,
Raised tributes to our brave who fell;
The valiant Russian is a Man,
The Russian guards those tombstones well.
Yet scribblings on the stone you scan,
Who scrawled them, all too plain they tell.
'Tis the vulgar dog of an Englishman,
The scrawling, scribbling, Englishman,
Who would scratch his name, for "a bit of a game,"
On the Koh-i-Noor, would the Englishman.
His name's on all statues, all over St. Paul's,
On marble slabs, and on whitewashed walls,
Where scarcely a monkey or school-boy crawls
You'll find the coarse and contemptible scrawls
Of the mischievous ass, the Englishman.
On Pompey's Pillar he makes his sign,
On the Pyramid's top he cuts his line,
On the Crystal Palace's tower so fine,
There is not a rafter that does not shine
With the pencil-lead of the Englishman.
Set him down on a nice new bench,
Two minutes more, with a jerk and a wrench

He 's digging the names of himself and his wench;
O, if we could borrow a leaf from the French,
And teach good sense to the Englishman.
The glass of the carriage in which he rides,
The handsome mirror mine host provides,
The window wherever the snob abides,
The humble sign-post his way that guides,
Are scribbled upon by the Englishman.
In Lichfield's aisle lie two little dears,
Young mothers moisten the marble with tears,
The Cunningham-Chantrey Babes,—for years
Appeared thereon, and perchance appears,
The scribble of many an Englishman.
On the top of the church, in the bathing machine,
On the walls of the Castle that holds his Queen,
On the arch of the cloister damp and green,
On the seat of the pew, there's sure to be seen
The mark of the scrawling Englishman.
And now to the grim Crimea he goes,
And there were the bones of his dead repose
(Honoured by honoured and valiant foes)
He's at it again, and Europe knows
The fellow is—only an Englishman.
Whoever does such a sneaking job
At home or abroad is a rascally Snob,
And whoever may spy him, Jules, Wilhelm, or Bob,
Will oblige *Mr. Punch* by punching the nob
Of a coarse and a mischievous Englishman.

1859.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

"The following is the text of the allocution of the Pope, delivered at the Consistory of the 26th ult." :—

In June, my dear Brethren, with heart full of grief,
We cursed, you remember, each infidel thief
Who was trying to grab at Ravenna, Bologna,
And other domains of which we are owner.
We told the assassins they'd made a great mull, for
Their Present was sin, and their Future was sulphur.

This kindly remonstrance we hoped would succeed,
For they knew that we loved them most dearly, indeed,
And 'twas only in love, if we shortened their lives,
And sent Switzers to finish their babies and wives ;
But they mocked at our gentleness, sweetness, and
patience,
And now the base demons have prigged the Legations.

They turn out our spies, and they empty our gaols,
(And of tortures therein tell indelicate tales,)
Our mendicant monks they revile and abuse,
And brutally bid them to wash and wear shoes ;
And the Odour of Sanctity, martyrdom's wealth,
They say is a case for their vile Board of Health,

They publish most blasphemous books, too ; in one
They dare to assert the earth goes round the sun ;

And as for our miracles, think how they hate 'em
When they say Januarius's blood is pomatum,
Consign Weeping Pictures to brokers or cupboard,
And swear that no statue of saint ever blubbered.

The wretches, the monsters! But Brethren, we find
Much comfort in bearing this fact in our mind,—
The parties who've kicked us from out each Legation
Are only the folks who have had education:
The low, and the dull, and the poor, and the mean,
Are as fond of their Pope as they ever have been.

And now, my dear Brethren, if cursing would do,
We'd blaze at the beggars till all things were blue;
But the ears of the wicked, to verbal attacks
Are judicially bunged up with infidel wax,
And the grim Garibaldi would prove contumacious,
Though rose up to curse him the blest Athanasius.

However, one final appeal to the world,
One curse on the flag by our subjects unfurled.
We declare the Legations our own, and *non detur*
To mortal to alter the will of Saint Peter;
And we hereby denounce to the world, and all time,
Each Romagnese act as a horrible crime.

Let the infidels, heretics, traitors, and knaves
Have no peace in their lives, and no rest in their graves:
The dungeon and scaffold, the steel or the rope
Shall teach them to wrong their affectionate Pope;
Fire, famine, and slaughter consume them away,
Till Beelzebub collars the last. Let us pray.

1859.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

WHY bad drainage should frighten
The people from Brighton,
Is what I can hardly explain.
I took purse (wife, and lodgings)
And spite all my dodgings,
I found there *no end of a drain.*

PATERFAMILIAS.

1859.

A REAL IMPOSITION.

WHEN Bright would stir a faction cry,
By argument that's nullity,
One awful tax he passes by,
Nor tells "the mass" how monstrous high
He taxes their credulity.

1859.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

"Mr. Bohn, of Covent Garden, the eminent Publisher and Floriculturist, summoned a cabman. . . . The cabman was convicted. . . . Mr. Bohn would rather have paid £5 than appear, but did so on public grounds."—*Police Report.*

For punishing that Cabman's scoff,
Accept two wishes, Mr. Bohn.
Quick may your monthly rows go off,
Long may your monthly rose hold on.

1859.

THE MORTARA STORY AND MORAL.

Edgar Mortara, a Jewish child, was abducted from his parents on the ground of having been baptized by a Roman Catholic maid servant.

A Jew boy comes home rather grimy and greasy,
The servant maid sprinkles him, using no soap;
"He's a Christian," cries Pius, with conscience unqueasy:
Cries *Punch*, "But if making a Christian's so easy,
Oh, why doesn't somebody sprinkle the Pope?"

1859.

THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

A DOMESTIC OPERA.

Laura.

It's really provoking, you will go on smoking,
The smell's never out of these curtains of ours,
And the money, good lack, O! you spend in tobacco,
Would buy me such loves, dearest Henry, of flowers.

Henry.

My dear, you are joking, I can't give up smoking,
Without it I should not be able to do;
And as for the flora, you talk of, dear Laura,
Believe me I care for no flower, love, but you.

Laura. It's really provoking;
Henry. My love, you are joking;
Laura and Henry. { You will go on / I can't give up } smoking;
Both. What is one to do?
Laura. I might have such roses;
Henry. Some folks have fine noses;
Laura and Henry. { And marriage / A husband } supposes
Both. Compliance a due.

Henry.

My child, leave off crying, I meant not denying
One innocent pleasure that sweetly beguiles,

Accept this small cheque, love, and hasten to deck, love,
Your tables with flowers, and your features with smiles.

Laura.

O Henry, my darling, forgive my slight snarling,
You're really too good to me, Henry, by far;
But now my behaviour shall merit your favour,
Do let your own Laurakins light your cigar.

Both.

In future united we'll live, and delighted
To please one another by words and by deeds,
And often, shall Henry's gift-Flowers be requited
By Laura's presenting her darling with Weeds.

1860.

AN ORLEANS PLUM.

"The selection of the High Schools at Edinburgh for the Orleans Princes has caused great offence to the Roman Catholic Clergy."—*Tablet.*

EACH Papist he winces at news, tart as quinces,
That all the French Princes seek Protestant schools,
But *Punch*, who ne'er minces, declares it evinces
Belief that all Catholics need not be Fools.

1860.

MOT FOR JUNE 18.

Two ladies went shopping, and one said, with pride,
"My father, a hero, at Waterloo died;"
Responded the other, as meek as a mouse—
"My father's still dyeing for Waterloo House."

[*Into which they entered, and spent a great deal more than they had any business to.*

1860.

TUPPER'S THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

Mr. Punch has the pleasure to announce that in consequence of the unexampled success of Mr. Martin F. Tupper's new volume, *Three Hundred Sonnets*, the former has entered into an arrangement with the latter for a new series of those delightful compositions. The slight delay in completing the negociation arose solely from the Poet's supposition that having written upon every conceivable place, thing, boy, girl, baby, and other article in any way connected with himself, he might find a lack of subject. But when a Punch calls to a Tupper for song, the call wakes poesy from her inmost cell, and Mr. P. states with delight that the supply is again turned on, and will be continued until further notice.

SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
Snuggling and snoozling by your purring sire,
Mother I mean (but sonnet-rhymes require
A shorter word, and boldly I defy

Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule)
O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
How three of you had yesterday been drowned
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
Declaring we were overrun with cats,
That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats,
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"O Cook, we'll keep the innoccents alive;
They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

M. F. T.

1860.

AN XXXELLENT CHOICE.

MR. PUNCH'S DIPLOMA JOKE, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS ADMIRED FRIEND, AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A.

No more from fierce Pre-Raphaelites you'll hear
"Academicians! Bah! They're all Small Beer."
No, "blessings on their brew," henceforth you'll see
One of the Forty is good A.L.E.

Keeper's Apartments, May 24, 1860.

DREARY SONG FOR DREARY SUMMER.

MR. PUNCH SINGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT OF A PIPE AND TOBACCO.

WELL, don't cry, my little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Amuse yourself, and break some toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Alas, for the grass on papa's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
He'll have to buy hay at an awful rate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Mamma, she can't go out for a drive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
How cross she gets about four or five,
For the rain it raineth every day.

If I were you, I'd be off to bed
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Or the damp will give you a cold in the head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago this song was done,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
And I, for one, cannot see it's fun,
But the Dyces and the Colliers* can—they say.*

1860.

* The well-known Shakspearian commentators.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN ANCIENT NURSERY, AND EDITED BY PROFESSOR PUNCH, D.D.

The duty on French wines was greatly reduced this year; but, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone added a penny to the income tax.

SIMPLE SIMON met a Pieman
Who talked very fine;
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
Let me taste French Wine.
Said the Pieman unto Simple Simon,
First give me a penny.
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"You have had too many."

V. 1.—*Simple Simon.* Johannes Taurus.

V. 1.—*Pieman*, seu Pius Vir, or *pious man.* Gulielmus Lapislætus. Peelii discipulus ornatissimus.

"Et vocem Anchisæ magni mentemque recordor."

Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis Juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita Rempublicam capesseret.

V. 2.—*Talked very fine.* *Tres* imbris torti radios, *tres* nubis aquosæ, &c.

V. 4.—*French wine.* Vile modicis Sabinum cantharis.

V. 6.—*Give me a Penny.* Vectigal magnum, perpetuum, et objectionabilissimum, nisi bellum Gallicum exoriatur. Longa est injuria; longæ ambages.

V. 8.—*Had too many.* Non est Simonius tam stultus, post omnia, ut videtur. Sed anser ejus coctus est.

1860.

VICTORIA'S MID-DAY REVIEW.

On June 23rd her Majesty reviewed over 20,000 volunteers in Hyde Park.

THEY tell us a tale that we dare not ignore,
That deep in a glade we have hunted before
A Tiger is waiting to spring;
And so we come up to our Queen, as of yore
Our fathers came up to their King.

The beast that is lurking is fiercer, they say,
Than the Tiger our fathers brought grimly to bay
And rolled in his blood at our feet;
And then we come to our Lady to-day
The vows of our Sires to repeat.

We come, but it is not in plaint or in fear—
Which, which did the Queen, proudly marking us, hear
In the voice of that thunder-toned shout?
We come but to show her what Hunters are near
For the hour when her bugles ring out.

We come with firm footstep as Hunters should tread,
With the glaive by the side, with the plume on the head,
With the heart where a Hunter's should be,
And each with the weapon of weapons most dread,
Most dread in the hands of the Free.

Nor idly we come in a holiday pride,
With arms unaccustomed, with sinews untried,
To deal with a savage so fell.
We know from our sires, when a savage hath died,
His Hunters have quit them right well.

And we come that the Lady of Kingdoms may know,
In the day, should it chance, that her bugles shall blow
She shall find Hunter soldiers astir ;
And the men whom her signal shall launch on the foe
Shall be worthy of dying for Her.

From the Loom, from the Mine, from the Forge, from the Mart,
From the cells of stern Science, the halls of fair Art,
From the homes of calm Learning we come ;
Who grudges his brother a brotherly part
In our work—let him hence, and be dumb !

Some say the War-Tiger is scared from the fight ;
And some that his courage hath quailed to a blight
From the scent of our fresh-flowing sea ;
And some that he is but a monster to fright
The folks near his home. It may be :

But our fields they lie open, our gardens are rare,
And those we love better than life wander there,
And our babies are crawling about;
And none of us all is so brave as to dare
To leave certain questions in doubt.

So we come in our thousands, from cot and from hall,
And from thousands again who are ready at call,
Should once the War-Tiger be seen;
And this is the errand on which one and all
We come up, to-day, to our Queen.

Did they taunt the brave Hunters in years have gone by,
That foam on his fangs and that fire in his eye,
As he rushed in his rage on the spear?
No, thus, ever thus, the War-Tiger should die:
Come, Tiger, the Hunters are here.

The blood-thirsty growl and the roar are in vain,
If the savage attack us, the savage again
Shall writhe in a merited doom;
There's the steel for his flank, and the ball for his brain,
Come, Tiger, and spring on thy tomb.

1860.

SENTIMENT AT THE OPERA.

"THERE is a Tier for all who dye,"
For all who dye moustache and hair,
And that's the Third Tier, where the eye
Of girls below can't see the snare.

A CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.

1860.

AN AWKWARD MEMORANDUM.

General Lamoricière was Commander-in-Chief of the Papal army. During the brief campaign he conducted in 1860, the Irish mercenaries, of whom his army was partly composed, had signally failed to distinguish themselves.

"The Irish Catholics give a sword to Lamoricière."

HE wants a new blade, for the old one has flown,
So give him the sword, disregarding the scoff
Which hints that whenever he puts the steel on
He'll remember his Paddies were prompt to steal off.

1860.

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

BY POVENTRY CATMORE, AUTHOR OF THE "ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," ETC.

I.

THE DOCTOR.

"A FINER than your newborn child,"
The Doctor said, "I never saw,"
And I, but half believing, smiled
To think he thought me jolly raw.
And then I viewed the crimson thing,
And listened to its doleful squeal,
And rather wished the nurse would bring
The pap-boat with its earliest meal.
My wife remarked, "I fear, a snub,"
The Doctor, "Madam, never fear,"
"'Tis hard, Ma'am, in so young a cub
To say." Then Nurse, "A cub! a Dear!"

II.

THE GLOVE.

"'Twere meet you tied the knocker up,"
The Doctor laughed, and said, "Good-bye,
And till you drown that yelping pup
Your lady will not close an eye."
Then round I sauntered to the mews,
And Ponto heard his fate was near,—

How few of coachmen will refuse
A crown to spend in beastly beer!
And then I bought a white kid glove,
Lucina's last and favourite sign,
Wound it the knocker's brass above,
And tied it with a piece of twine.

III.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

"But, Love," she said, in gentle voice,
('Twas ever delicate and low,)
"The fact which makes our hearts rejoice
So many folks would like to know.
My Scottish cousins on the Clyde,
Your uncle at Northavering Gap,
The Adams's at Morningside,
And Jane, who sent me up the cap.
So do." The new commencing life
The *Times* announced, "May 31,
At 16, Blackstone Place, the wife
Of Samuel Bobchick, of a son."

IV.

THE GODFATHERS.

"Of course your father must be one,"
Jemima said, in thoughtful tones;
"But what's the use of needy Gunn,
And I detest that miser Jones."

I hinted Brown. "Well, Brown would do,
But then his wife's a horrid Guy."
De Blobbins? "Herds with such a crew."
Well, love, whom have you in your eye?
"Dear Mr. Burbot." Yes, he'd stand,
And as you say, he's seventy-three,
Rich childless, hates that red-nosed band
Of nephews—Burbot let it be.

V.

THE GODMOTHER.

"We ought to ask your sister Kate,"
"Indeed, I shan't," Jemima cried,
"She's given herself such airs of late,
I'm out of patience with her pride.
Proud that her squinting husband (Sam,
You know I hate that little sneak)
Has got a post at Amsterdam,
Where luckily he goes next week.
No, never ask of kin and kith,
We'll have that wife of George Bethune's,
Her husband is a silver-smith,
And she'll be sure to give some spoons."

VI.

THE CHRISTENING.

"I sign him," said the Curate, Howe,
O'er Samuel Burbot George Bethune,

Then baby kicked up such a row,
As terrified that Reverend coon.
The breakfast was a stunning spread,
As e'er confectioner sent in,
And playfully my darling said,
"Sam costs papa no end of tin."
We laughed, made speeches, drank for joy :
Champagne hath stereoscopic charms ;
For when Nurse brought our little boy,
I saw two Babies in her arms.

1860.

DELENDA EST.

This prophecy of a most desirable demolition has not yet been fulfilled.

"Some of the respectable inhabitants of Holywell Street propose to call it Booksellers' Row."—*Athenæum.*

Old Holywell Street be called Booksellers' Row ?
A very good dodge, but you'll find it no go,
A nickname won't save the detestable den,
For years so obnoxious to gods and to men.

Respectable parties, who're justly ashamed
To hear yourselves Holywell denizens named,
The straightforward way to get rid of disgrace
Is to pack up your stock and come out of the place.

For the doom has gone out, and the dens will go down,
Too long a vile scandal on London's renown;
An Architect's waving a potent right hand,
Devoted to sweep off the pest of the Strand.

Ho! Dealers in fusty and musty old Clo'!
Be off with your bundles to Petticoat Row;
And you others, a vile and unnameable crew,
The Devil must find other lodgment for you.

Proud Author's arrayed in your rank on the stall,
The tidings are dearer to you than to all;
To free you, Posterity registers vow,
From the loathsome companionship forced on you now.

Through a street where, through noses, men talk of old coats,
And on garbage the elderly profligate gloats,
The broad healthy stream of our traffic be rolled,
As Hercules cleansed the foul stable of old.

So, out of the dens, which to parsons belong,
Yet which free-spoken *Punch* dare not name in a song.
Out all, good and bad, from the poisoned domain!
And our old Holy Well shall be holy again.

1861.

DESTRUCTION OF TISSUE.

"We might allege, in answer to the teetotaller, that the drinking of wine and spirits is beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to prevent the destruction of tissue."—*Saturday Review.*

Oh! Thanks, dear *Review*, for that comforting creed,
For joining with Temperance Humbug the issue.
In Johnson and Webster in future we'll read
For "drinking"—"preventing destruction of tissue."

Mrs. Brown, when your husband comes late from the club,
Don't push him away if he offers to kiss you,
His step may be totty, but spare him the snub,
He's been only preventing destruction of tissue.

You actor, accustomed to tipple o' nights,
If pedantic spectators take umbrage and hiss you,
Come down with a satisfied grin to the lights,
And say you've prevented destruction of tissue.

Diner-out, if you don't take the hint you're an ass,
When you sit by a matron with elegant fichu,
Don't ask her to let you replenish her glass,
But beg she'll prevent the destruction of tissue.

O Daniel, in judgment for teaching that word,
You cannot conceive what good fortune we wish you;
Punch fills up a bumper, the downy old bird,
And prevents, in your honour, destruction of tissue.

1861.

THE EGG AND THE YOKE.

"The Emperor of the French, on the representation of an agricultural commission, will shortly sanction an edict prohibiting the destruction of small birds or their eggs."—*French Paper.*

"THE Eagle suffers Little Birds to sing,
Nor is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
He could at once abridge their minstrelsy."
Divinest Williams! In fine frenzy's hour,
Didst see an Eagle (through prophetic lens)
Protect the feathered warblers, but devour
The Little Birds, who make of feathers—pens."

A French Journalist.

1861.

REFORMING THE REFORMER.

(IMPROVED FROM "ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.")

O, WHO'LL come and play Agitation with me,
My Cobden has left me alone?
Industrious Working men, won't you be Free?
Let us get up a row of our own.

O no, Mr. Bright, Sir, we can't come indeed,
We've no time to idle away;
We've got all our dear little children to feed,
And can do it, we're happy to say.

Small Tradesmen, don't stick to beef, candles, and flour,
But kick up a row with me, do;
Those grubs will not fight for political power.
But say, thinking men, will not you?

O no, Mr. Bright, Sir, for do you not see
By our shops we're enabled to thrive;
The way to get on is to work like a bee,
And always be storing the hive.

Intelligent Middle-class, rise at the blast
Of the trumpet of Freedom I play:
I hope I shall find a disciple at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, Mr. Bright, Sir, we shan't come to you,
We're not made to cry but to labour;
We always have something or other to do—
If not for oneself, for a neighbour.

What then, they're all busy and happy but me,
And I'm bawling here like a dunce:
O then I'll be off to where Members should be,
And attend to my business at once.

[*And, my dears, being a strong and clever boy, he ran down to his place of business, and helped to move and carry several things that were wanted in the House.*

1861.

HOMAGE TO THE SCOTCH RIFLES.

BY A SPITEFUL COMPETITOR.

It seems that the Scots
Turn out much better shots
At long distance, than most of the Englishmen are :
But this we all knew
That a Scotchman could do—
Make a small piece of metal go awfully far.

1861.

CLOSE'S GUSH OF GRATITUDE.

N.B.—The following poem has been sent to *Mr. Punch* with the statement that it is the thank-offering of Mr. Close to Lord Palmerston for the £50 per annum. *Mr. Punch* doubts its genuineness, from its being so very much better than anything Mr. Close has yet published, but it is otherwise much in that poet's way :—

For this kind pension thou hast gave,
All thanks to thee, great Pam,
I am your most obedient slave,
Upon my soul I am.

I sang the praise of Bonny's King,
Benighted Afric's chief;
But if you like I'll change my strain,
And call that black a thief.

What, fifty pounds a year for me,
That's nigh a pound a week,
O Lord, I never shall contrive
My gratitude to speak !

If I can serve in any way
Yourself, my liberal Lord,
Believe me, Sir, by night or day,
You've only got to say the word.

Meantime upon my bended knees
I pray in fervent tone,
That gracious heaven will always please
To bless Viscount Palmerston.

He stuck me up amid haughty bards,
And men of art and science,
And thus my modesty rewards,
And sets them all at defiance.

And though I was a butcher low,
For humble craft designed,
Pothooks and hangers now shall flow,
In verse of every kind.

The man that will not honour me
Shall surely have a dose,
I'll physic him uncommonly,
As sure as my name's Close.

But on the good Lord Palmerston,
Our excellent Premeer,
I'll never hurl a fiery blast,
Or speak at all severe.

For he is as good as he is great,
And when he comes to die,
I only hope that we shall both meet
In yon purpureous sky.

Till then I'll always sing his praise,
That I've determined on;
And truly proud I am to hear
His name, like mine, is John.

1861.

POET CLOSE CHANGES HIS MIND.

"The ridiculous gift of a pension to the Westmoreland scribbler has been cancelled."

WHAT, take away the Poet's cash!
I call that action mean,
The man who'd do that brutal thing
Ought not to serve a Queen.

All that I said about old Pam
I hereby do retract,
I did not think him vile enough
To do so low an act.

He is a humbug, born and bred
Merely a slave of Court,
Without the courage and the pluck
To do the thing he ought.

In other days he was a buck,
And persons called him Cupid;
But now he's an exploded tool,
His speeches very stupid.

I do believe he sold us all
To Russia's tyrant Czar,
And he felt quite sorry that we won
In the Crimean war.

To give a thing and take a thing,
I've heard a proverb old
Declares is most contemptible,
The "devil's ring of gold."

It shows that all these Lords are fools,
Unfit to rule and sway,
And England ought to be ashamed
Of trusting such as they.

A wretched paltry fifty pounds,
To take it was disgrace,
If Mister Pam would call on me
I'd fling it in his face.

He thinks to put me in a rage,
The mean, old, wretched Sham,
But here I solemnly declare
I'm prouder as I am.

To be a pensioned slave of state
Unsuits my haughty mind,
I choose to have my genius free
Uncabbined unconfined.

I'll lash all humbug as before,
And brand all knavish scamps,
But freely praise the noble souls
Who send me postage stamps.

And when old Pam goes down below,
His epitaph I'll pen,
"Here lies the wretch who pensioned Close,
And took it away again."

1861.

A NEW RHYME TO AN OLD LINE.

"WHO shall decide when doctors disagree?"
Punch, who decides that neither shall have fee.

1861.

RULE SLAVEOWNIA.

THE NATIONAL HYMN OF THE CONFEDERATED STATES.

(*Music Copyright in America.*)

WHEN first the South, to fury fanned,
Arose and broke the Union's chain,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
And Mr. Davis sang the strain:
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves."

The Northerns, not so blest as thee,
At Aby Lincoln's foot may fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish fierce and free,
The whip, that makes the Nigger bawl,.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves."

Thou, dully savage, shalt despise
Each freeman's argument, or joke:
Each law that Congress, that Congress thought so wise,
Serves but to light thy pipes for smoke.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever must have slaves."

And Trade, that knows no God but gold,
Shall to thy pirate ports repair:
Blest land, where flesh—where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that *air*.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever shall have slaves."

1861.

PAM UPON THE HEIGHTS.

(AFTER ALFRED TENNYSON.)

Lord Palmerston was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, March 1861.

Not old, stood Pam upon the Heights,
The Commons roaring at his feet,
And Beadledom, with antique rites,
Did him the homage meet.

Punch, in his place, did much rejoice,
Not for the title then assigned,
But glad to hear the brave old boy's
Name shouted on the wind.

Admiring much his British pluck,
His ready tongue, his cheery jest,
His never downing on his luck,
But hoping for the best.

His hate of humbug, saving such
As should to humbugs still be flung,
His speeches, void of artist-touch,
Yet suiting English tongue.

His deeper hatred for the gang,
Who, prating of some Right Divine,
Doom freedom's friends to starve, or hang,
Or in foul dungeons pine.

Cheer for the Constable! Our foes
Find him the nightmare of their dreams;
We, the wise Englishman, who knows
The Falsehood of Extremes.

1861.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

BY THE MUSE OF THE MUSEUM.

(*Slightly altered from Gray.*)

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen wise and Owen strong,
But in spite of Owen stout,
All the beasts must toddle out.

Out with weazles, ferrets, skunks,
Elephants, come pack your trunks;
You no longer dwell with us,
Yawning hippopotamus.

Dusty, straddling, split giraffe,
You have stayed too long by half,
Go and take some nice fresh air
With that grim-eyed Polar bear.

"Fish, fish, fish," your Duty calls
Somewhere else than in these walls,
Flounders, you must go, that's flat,
With the salmon and the sprat.

Cloud of birds, ascend and fly,
Migrate to some kinder sky:
Perky, shiny, glittering things,
Leave the wing that holds your wings.

Fossil Man, you too must pack,
Take your slab, Sir, on your back,
Or if you'd prefer a ride,
Mount the Mammoth by your side.

Eggs, be blowed, if you'd not break,
You your eggsit now must make;
Yes, your yolk must turn to legs,
Yes, as sure as eggs is eggs.

All those myriad butterflies,
Pins and all, must please to rise,
We can use in other ways
Miles of camphor-scented trays.

Diamonds black, and diamonds bright,
Henceforth charm suburban sight,
Follow beasts and birds and bones,
All you tons of labelled stones.

From that yellowish liquor take
Every coil, you spotted snake,
"Bonny beetles in a row,"
Stir your stumps, for you must go.

Mother Nature, beat retreat,
Out, M'm, from Great Russell Street!
Here, in future, folks shall scan
Nothing but the works of Man.

Yet look glad, for Owen stands
Moulding Gladstone to his hands;
Soon you'll have a Palace new,
Worthy Owen, us, and you.

1861.

ALBERT.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH, 1861.

How should the Princes die?
With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry?

Ending a pleasure day,
Joy's painted goblet fully drained, and out,
While wearied vassals coldly stand about,
And con new homage which they long to pay?

So have the Princes died.
Nobler and happier far the fate that falls
On Him who 'mid yon aged Castle walls,
Hears as he goes, the plash of Thames's tide.

Gallant, high-natured brave,
O, had his lot been cast in warrior days,
No nobler knight had won the minstrel's praise,
Than he, for whom the half-reared banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,
The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

Better and nobler fate
His, whom we claimed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay,
The death-mute pages and the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die.
Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought:
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that Bridal Day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.

For that he loved our Queen,
And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall rank above
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.

Could there be closer tie
Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye:

When with a kind relief
Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ!
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief.

1861.

DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM—.

THE SCENE IS A PICNIC, AND MR. JOSEPH DE CLAPHAM VENTURES TO THINK THAT HIS FIANCÉE, THE LOVELY BELGRAVINIA, IS A LITTLE TOO FAST.

Now don't look so glum and so sanctified, please,
For folks *comme il faut*, Sir, are always at ease ;
How dare you suggest that my talk is too free ?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Must I shut up my eyes when I ride in the Park ;
Or pray would you like me to ride after dark ?
If not, Mr. Prim, I shall say what I see,
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

What harm am I speaking, you stupid Old Nurse ?
I'm sure Papa's newspaper tells us much worse,
He's a clergyman, too, are you stricter than he ?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

I knew who it was, and I said so, that's all ;
I said who went round to her box from his stall,
Pray what is your next prohibition to be ?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"My grandmother would not—" O, would not, indeed?
Just read Horace Walpole—Yes, Sir, I *do* read.
Besides, what's my grandmother's buckram to me?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"I said it before that old *roué*, Lord Gadde;"
That's a story, he'd gone; and what harm if I had?
He has known me for years—from a baby of three.
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

You go to your Club (and this makes me so wild,)
There you smoke and you slander, man, woman, and child;
But *I*'m not to know there's such people as she—
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

It's all your own fault: the Academy, Sir,
You whispered to Philip, "No, no, it's not *her*,
Sir Edwin would hardly—" I heard, *mon ami;*
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Well there, I'm quite sorry; now, stop looking haughty,
Or must I kneel down on my knees and say "naughty?"
There! Get me a peach, and I wish you'd agree
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

1861.

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

There is perhaps more Humbug talked, printed, and practised in reference to Music than to anything else in the world, except Politics. And of all the musical humbugs extant it occurs to Mr. Punch that the Variation Humbug is the greatest. This party has not even the sense to invent a tune for himself, but takes somebody else's, and starting therefrom, as an acrobat leaps from a spring board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's ideas. Mr. Punch wonders what would be thought of a poet who should try to make himself renown by this kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor's and doing Variations on it after this fashion :—

BUGGINS'S VARIATIONS ON THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
That sparkles in a breezy bower,
And gives its sweetness to the shower,
Exhaling scent of gentle power,
That lasts on kerchief many an hour,
And is a lady's graceful dower,
Endeared alike to cot and tower,
Round which the little Busy Bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,

From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cells,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes, makes,
When rising just as morning breaks,
The dew-drop from the leaf she shakes,
And oft the sleeping moth she wakes,
And diving through the flower she takes,
The honey with her fairy rakes,
And in her cell the same she cakes,
Or sports across the silver lakes,
Besides her children, for whose sakes,
How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,

For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do, do, do,
Things which thereafter they will rue,
When Justice fiercely doth pursue,
Or conscience raises Cry and Hue,
And evil-doers look quite blue,
When Peelers run with loud halloo,
And Magistrates put on the screw,
And then the wretch exclaims, Boo-hoo,
In works of labour or of skill
I wish I'd busied too,
For Satan's found much mischief still,
For my two hands to do.

There! Would a Poet get much reputation for these Variations, which are much better in their way than most of those built upon tunes. Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon Watts's marble foundation Buggins has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned Watts has been brought into new honour by the *étincellant* Buggins;" or, "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the fairy-like fountains of bird-song which Buggins has bid start from it." Mr. Punch has an idea that Buggins would have no such luck; the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a Musical Prig is luckier than a Poetical Prig.

1861.

ABORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

BY LORD MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

I.

Chackaboo, chickaboo, chuckaboo, chew,
Mark baby over with pretty tattoo;
Cut in the pattern like open-work tart:
Rub in the powder, and make baby smart.

II.

Catch a little white boy, catch him by the leg,
Kill a little white boy, get the crumbs and egg,
Fry a little white boy, do him brown and dry,
Put him on the table with the missionary pie.

III.

Tattoo him, tattoo him, artist-man,
So we will, father, as fast as we can,
Prick him, and prick him, and mark him with V,
For the name of the Queen that lives over the sea.

IV.

Will my baby go a courting,
Yes, and so my baby shall:
Take his club and bang the lady:
That's the way to court the gal.

V.

O fie, naughty Wang-Wang, don't scratch little brother,
You're spoiling his pattern, you mischievous dunce:
Live like good little cannibals, love one another—
Or Mamma 'll take you both, dear, and eat you at once.

VI.

What, cry when I'd cook you, not like to be stewed?
Then go and be raw, and not fit to be food.
Until you leave off, and I see that you've smiled,
I shan't take the trouble to eat such a child.

1861.

POEM BY VICTOR HUGO.

"Victor Hugo has just sent a piece of poetry to the King of the Belgians, in which he seeks the pardon of nine assassins recently condemned to death in the province of Hainault."—*French Paper.*

"*Mr. Punch* has been favoured with a copy of the poem, and subjoins a close translation."—*Mr. Punch.*

O!
KING, though I love not kings, I call thee so,
And bid thee, in a carter's language, "Wo!"

Are they not Nine
Who pine
In those uncomfortable cells of thine?

O, think,
Upon the brink
Of Helicon, where flowers bend o'er to drink,
Fair Virgins sit, and hand in hand explore
All that of music, science, song, or lore
The Ages give as dower
To yonder mountain bower,
Virgins, with eyes that never dull or wink.

Daughters of Memory, in Pieria born,
With fingers rosy as the morn,
And ivory shoulders, gleaming in the ray
Of the warm god of day.
They smile,
And the swift-footed Hours beguile,
With converse sweet, and laughter fresh and gay;
Till some deep organ tone,
Some awful forest moan,
Stills them to silence. Come, old man, I *say!*

Calliope is there,
And Clio's golden hair,
And bright Melpomene's young face so fair,
Euterpe, graceful, bends
Beside her radiant friends
Erato ample, and Thalia spare,

And Polyhymnia sings,
And calm Urania brings
The wisdom that informs all heavenly things,
While, sipping sweetest chicory,
The star-adorned Terpsichore
Her dew-gemmed tresses to the wild wind flings.

O! Leopold,
Once young, now rather old,
Bid thy grim-visaged executioner hold
The hand that seems to beg
To pull the peg
Of that dark guillotine at which I scold.

Nine Murderers lie in yonder prison cell,
Nine Muses on Bœotia's mountain dwell.
It is a Poet's Plea
Which I address to thee,
O, let them off, accept my simple letter,
And reason, for I have not got a better.

V. H.

1862.

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

("I passed a small Cot.")

I PASSED a small Court where the lawyers abound,
And a singular change met my view;
Uncommonly pious their faces I found,
And their studies remarkably new.
They seemed Catechumens who'd come to repeat
Their task from the Testaments twain:
And who, I exclaimed, has accomplished this feat?
"The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

For one on the Thirty-nine Articles gazed,
A second the Pentateuch bore,
A third (who I own looked excessively dazed)
Was conning the Fathers of yore.
Another compared Doctors Hooker and Lowth,
While his friend worked at Watts and Romaine;
But the name that I found was in every one's mouth,
Was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

And what is the work that the Shepherd has set,
That leads to the scene I behold?
Cried one, on whose forehead was written To Let,
"To hunt out a sheep from his fold.

The sheep has been bleating and breaking the peace
An orthodox sheep should maintain,
So we'll soon have him out, and he'll forfeit his fleece
To the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

My heart it waxed soft, I was ready to weep,
"That seems a severe thing to do,
Suppose the kind Shepherd had thrown the poor sheep
Controversialist carrots to chew.
If those did'nt silence his noises, old man,
He'd deserve castigation and pain;"—
"That's not, Sir," he answered, "the pastoral plan
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

"Our Shepherd's a piper—his sheep, if they bleat,
Must bleat to the tune of his pipe;
Or the sheep-dog you see on that well-cushioned seat
Will give them a snap and a gripe."
Then a whistle was heard, and away they all bowled,
To hunt the schismatic again;
And I said, "I am glad I'm not of the fold
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

1862.

A REVIVED POET.

(*See Mr. Punch ever so long ago.*)

Sir Michael Costa refused to lead a symphony of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's at the opening of the International Exhibition. For the origin of this quarrel see "The Embroglio at the Philharmonic."

I AM the Poet of the Philharmonic,
Who some years back composed in *Punch* a Tonic,
Which I hoped would bring peace between Bennet and Costa,
But regret animosity has been permitted to foster.
Surely it is time Costa should alter his Demeanour,
And forget all that Mistake and Nonsense about *Parisina.*
Sterndale is not stern, and they state has made a Sign
That he will forget and forgive if Costa behaves Benign.
Now Michael should trample on the Devil of Wrath and Spleen,
Apologise like a gentleman, and let all be serene,
And as has been suggested by an able Contemporary,
Make some Amends as *humanum est Semper errare*,
Request the gracious Mr. Gye to ask Dr. Bennett
To produce his Ode at Covent Garden, the Musical Senate,
Mr. Costa conducting it firm and brilliant as Marble,
Which might indeed be Deemed making Amende honorable.

Then the Public will rejoice at the re-union of the
gifted Secessioners,
And with one heart turn round and cordially kick the
International Commissioners.

1862.

THE GEM OF THE SHOW.

Come, grant the unfortunate Beggars' Petition,
The Royal Commissioners', down on their luck,
Come, let us be off to the Great Exhibition,
Our shillings will count when the balance is
struck;
And really there's plenty to see for your money,
Smart are the booths at the Kensington Fair,
And when the day's decently cheerful and sunny,
You lounge up an appetite pleasantly there.

First, in the East you will witness a frolic, a
Mild "Water-Frolic," as kitchens would say,
See the girls dart past the splashing Majolica
Fountain that threatens a douche with its spray.
Boom, on your left comes a summons like thunder,
Those Blue-bells of England your patronage
crave.
When you've got rid of the water and wonder,
Stroll with us down the kaleidoscope nave.

What is the elegant object that tickles
Your fancy — those onions, and catsups, and soys?
Hush, and don't laugh at the trophy of Pickles,
But look with delight at that trophy of Toys.
Beauty in both; if you cannot discern it, you're
Dunce of our Great International School:
Well, here are walking-sticks, fenders, and furniture,
Now feel æsthetic and don't be a fool.

Here's something better—the jewels—but no, pal,
Think not that crinoline crowd to invade,
But, if one can't get a glimpse of the Opal,
The ancle's a substitute freely displayed.
There is a beacon, and that thing in plaster
Is Milan—no—no, it's the Bourse at Berlin,
That lighthouse, which looks like a great pepper-castor,
Is moved by some wonderful clockwork within.

You don't seem to care—we will try if sensation
From painting will touch that unmalleable heart:
Mr. Hawthorn remarks, in his book, *Transformation*,
"The Shallow and Hard make best critics of art."
Now, don't pull a face as if Bentley on *Phalaris*
Asked you to lecture, in classical Greek,
There isn't in Europe a sight like these galleries,
Filled with a show that is work for a week.

There's British art—while a critic's true pen holds his
Own, let him challenge a rival array;
Look at the Lawrences, Hogarths, and Reynoldses,
Look at their pupils, the Men of the Day.
Come where the foreigners' colour and action
Ought to relax that dissatisfied glance,
Look at their limning of female attraction,
Costumes from Eve to the Empress of France.

Still you seem bored. We shall kick up a shindy, a
Row, we may say, if you cut it so fine:
See you that spot in the Gallery next "India,"
See you a case where some volumes recline?
There is the Gem of the whole International,
Go, find it out, and we'll give you some lunch.
Excited at last! Ah, we thought you were rational.
Yes, you behold the Re-issue of *Punch*.

1862.

HINTS FOR PENSIVE PUFFS.

I.

By Celia's arbour all the night,
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow,
And then perchance, at morning light,
My love may twine thee round her brow.
Then, if upon her bosom white
Some pearly dews should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

Then should my love begin to pout,
And state that thou hast told a lie,
And that the wet has taken out
From her pet dress Magenta's dye.
Bid her but Name the Day, nor doubt
Her loving Charles will haste to buy
The sweetest thing, for ball or rout,
That tasteful Shoolbred can supply.

II.

The Minstrel's Watch the Standard Bearer keeps,
We know not why; perchance upon the ticker
The Standard Bearer from his hoarded heaps
Hath lent the Minstrel money to buy liquor.
If so, 'twas kindly done, and five per cent.
Is cheap for solace to a heart that's breaking;
But how much more that friend had safely lent,
Had but the Minstrel's Watch been Benson's making?

III.

I often wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly lying;
But when I've named this fact, my head
Thou slapp'st, O Jane, without replying.

Well, laugh thy laugh, and rap my pate,
Continue in that blithesome scorning;
But O, when I evaporate,
Be sure you go to Jay for mourning.

IV.

O Stars! O Stars of Silence!
O Gems in Ether Blue!
Is it vainly, is it vainly,
That love looks up to you?
Yes, vainly, O yes vainly,
To make you out he hopes
Unless assisted, mainly,
By Dollond's telescopes.

V.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Among the tall elms that my Cottage was near,
And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A Nart that is umble might ope for it ear.
Then I sent up a smoke that as gracefully spired,
And brought to my heart the sweet peace that I sought;
From one of those fragrant Havannahs, admired
By all men of taste, and from Asterisk * bought.

P.S.—No; dresses, and watches, and mourning, and telescopes are matters of no great consequence, and the owners of the above names can gain but a few extra thousands by their mention here. But where, where is a Cigar sold that would justify the immortalization of its vendor? Till Echo can answer something else than Where, let Asterisk be the *nominis umbra*.

1862.

AN AMERICAN LYRIC.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

ON HIS DEMAND FOR 300,000 MEN.

WE'RE coming, Father Abraäm, we're coming all along,
But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong?
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure,
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father Abraäm, and give the thing a thought,
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought;
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,
Have been dishonoured, Abraäm, as punctual as could be.

We've fought, old Father Abraäm, and fought uncommon bold,
And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;

And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington in May.

Now, really, Father Abraäm, this here's the extra ounce,
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,
But it's aggravating to be killed for Mac's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father Abraäm, as to write
To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite,
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,
We'd come and list. Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old Abe, we've this opinion, some,
If you say Come, as citizens of course we're bound to come,
But then we want to win, you see; if Strategy prevents,
We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments.

Hereditary bondsman, he should just be made to know
He'd convenience as uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,
And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father Abraäm, if you please, in this here game of chess,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable,—apply to us again.

1862.

KELLY IN VERSE.

BY A PRACTICAL POET.

"Qui nunc quoque dicitur Index."—*Ov. Met.*

A FRIEND of mine, you understand,
Said, speaking to a friend of his,
"I know your number in the Strand,
And know not whereabouts it is."
He seemed to name a public want,
Be mine an Index to supply;
By which you all can see with speed,
How that grand Artery's numbers lie.

The Strand begins with Alnwick's Lord,
Where Percy's Lion rears his tail;
Then on we go past Hungerford,
Destined as platform for the Rail.
At Fifty comes a kind of notch—
George Court; which, cut on memory's peg,
'Twixt Johnson, who will set your watch,
And Surgeon Jones, who'll set your leg.

A hundred houses, and behold!
Where Simpson feeds the inner man,
And ivory tickets too are sold
For yonder famed Cigar Divan.
Pass fifty more, and One-Five-One
Shows you a statue dark as jet;
And here the nation's work is done—
You see the House of Somerset.

Two doors before Two Hundred, see
The Illustrated London News:
A better journal could not be,
Embellished with delightful views.
Two-Thirty-Five completes the side,
My pensive friend, and here you are,
For whether, friend, you walk or ride,
Behold yourself at Temple Bar.

Now turn we West and back we go,
Only, of course, we cross the way;
The Strand has here not much to show,
Whereof we pleasant things can say.
Two-Sixty-Five's the Street of Wych,
Of which we hope to see the fall,
For architectural fingers itch
To smash that dreary, dirty wall.

Narrow's the Strand, 'tis here at worst;
Would that Improvement's hand were bold;
And Holywell's black dens accurst,
Lie close behind the houses old.
Two-Ninety-Eight's the Spotted Dog,
An ancient haunt, if not genteel,
Where drink is "lush," and food is "prog"—
What matter if you get your meal?

See the Lyceum's pit invites,
Where high is hid Three-Fifty-Four;
There Peep o' Day three hundred nights
Hath run—may run as many more.
Now read that Greek, and answer curt
What portal's marked Three-Seventy-Two;
Here stands the Hall that would convert
Pagan, and Buddhist, Turk, and Jew.

Then count until, at Four-Eleven,
You halt before a favourite spot,
Performances commence at seven,
See Mrs. Boucicault as Dot.
Then less than fifty houses more
Will bring your journey's end, my child;
Four-Fifty-Seven denotes the store
Where maps are sold by Bodmin's Wyld.

And if my neat though humble rhymes
Shall save some grains of Life's fast sand,
By aiding reference when the *Times*
Mentions some number in the Strand:
My object's gained: my muse so free,
Down from her Empyrian drops,
And lisps in numbers, though they be
But numbers on the doors and shops.

1862.

THE CAMBRIDGE DUET.

AS PERFORMED BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Professor O. Professor H.

Professor O. H—y, don't kick up a scrimmage,
Take these brains and mark their shape
Made in Providence's image,
Man must not be called an ape.

Professor H. O—n, I am noways funky,
And maintain that this is true—
Man is really but a monkey,
Save in moral points of view.

Professor O. Man's no } monkey.
Professor H. Man's a }

Both. From this fix there's no escape.

Professor O. He's a drunky.

Professor H. He's a flunky.

Professor O. } wh { asserts } that man's an ape.
Professor H. } { denies }

1862.

BEATITUDE IN BAKER STREET.

"The Smithfield Cattle Show takes place this year at the Agricultural Hall, Islington."—*Advertisement.*

O Baker Street, what so genteel,
What news, what noble news for you!
The living beef, and pork, and veal
No more at your bazaar we'll view.
The beasts are gone to Islington,
Where all their farmer-friends must go;
The world congratulates you on
Deliverance from the Cattle Show.

Too long the gentle swell who dwells
In Alpha Road or Regent's Park,

Has borne the nuisance that compels
His walking home in wet or dark.
Too long his gentle lips have curst
The show that brings the clods to town,
And cram the busses till they burst
With burly farmers big and brown.

O placid street, that seems to sleep
In quiet pride, that hates a row;
This year thy crinolines shall sweep
Uncrushed by hoof of Hodge or cow;
Thy languid swelldom, yellow gloved,
Shall lounge as it was wont to do,
No longer from the pavement shoved
By country brutes, fourlegged or two.

No more Mossoo, who vant so much
To see John Bull, how he amuse,
Into thy chapel's aisle shall rush,
And look for oxen in the pews.
No more Mossoo shall fiercely pull
Its beadle's coat, and ask the prig
"Vere is your ugly big fat bull,
And vere your gross dear little pig?"

O laugh with joy my Baker Street,
No, laughing's vulgar, do but smile,
That Mangelwurzel's monster meat
Is exiled to some suburb isle.

There let him shout, and brawl, and boast,
And punch big brutes as fat as he,
Cry "Speed the Plough," if that's his toast,
But speed the ploughboys far from thee.

1862.

EXCHANGE OF WIGS.

'Twixt Judges and Bishops one cannot determine
Whose character stands most deservedly high,
And a test which is purer, the Lawn or the Ermine,
Even Faraday might not know how to apply.

But whereas our bold Bishops, if not very clever,
Are strictly attached to the moralist's creed,
Lay hold of a culprit and crush him for ever,
And deal to a Doubt what should punish a Deed.

And whereas our kind Judges, like brave *Cap'n Cuttle*,
"Make notes of" each villain's excuses and prayers,
Invent exculpation with intellect subtle,
Till rascals split heads while their judges split hairs.

Suppose for the nonce that our Judges, so polished,
Turned Prelates, while Bishops as Justices sat;
Then sceptics would find all their Dogmas demolished,
And Scoundrels would find they were food for the Cat.

1862.

WELLY CLAMMING.

"Everywhere we hear this, the Lancashire Doric for 'Nearly Starving.'"—*Correspondents.*

HEAR the Plaint, 'tis not a cry,
Here's no whining, wailing, shamming,
Think what sorrows underlie
"Welly Clamming."

In our prisons rascals sleep
Amply fed, well-nigh to cramming,
Honest hearts in silence weep,
"Welly Clamming."

Shameless beggars bellow loud,
Thoughtless benefactors bamming;
These by fireless chimney bowed,
"Welly Clamming."

Shameless paupers enter bold
Workhouse doors behind them slamming,
These sit shivering in the cold,
"Welly Clamming."

Clothe them; blankets, jackets, hose,
In a kindly hurry ramming
Into bags sent off to those
"Welly Clamming."

Feed them. Round no Union door
They stand jeering, jostling, jamming;
Send them food, and hear no more
"Welly Clamming."

Were the stream of gold, I wis,
E'er so near to check and damming,
It must flow in flood at this—
"Welly Clamming."

Help them. Spring will soon be here,
Smiling, greening, flowering, lambing,
You'll be paid, to miss that drear
"Welly Clamming."

These are forced and feeble rhymes—
Let the faintest praise fall damning
On them, so their moral chimes
"Welly Clamming."

1862.

BLACK INGRATITUDE.

SAMBO don't feel the Proclamation,
Like Liberty's benignant spell, come,
For, judging by the detestation
Shown in the North for Sambo's nation,
Our black friend's much more Free than Welcome.

1862.

JUMP OUT OF THE BAG, PUSS!

"President Lincoln has replied to Mr. Horace Greeley's recent letter to him. He says that he is emphatically for union, and that he would *retain* or destroy *slavery wholly* or *in part* if union could be obtained by either means."

THIS is what Lincoln writes to Horace,
Somebody make a glossary for us,
Ignorant owls ye are:
For the North has been ranting, raving, blaring,
Scolding, swaggering, cussing, swearing,
Because Britannia was not sharing
In the ANTI-SLAVERY WAR.

1862.

PUNCH TO PRINCE RUPERT.

"At the Manchester Distress Meeting the Earl of Derby headed the list with £5000."—*Times*.

WELL done, Lord Derby: Foremost in the ranks
Opposed to Famine; backing the Petition
Of sorrow; tendering kindness Votes of Thanks.
Well, Derby, dost thou lead that Opposition.

Thou art no shedder of unhelpful tears,
But rightly scorn'st such sentimental slops,
And droppest gold instead; so, after years,
Shall speak with honour of our Rupert's Drops.

1862.

THE PALACE OF ART.

A PARODY WHICH IT IS REQUESTED MAY NOT OCCUR TO ANYBODY DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE EXHIBITION.

I BUILT my Cole a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein to walk like any Swell:
I said, "O Cole, make merry and carouse,
Dear Cole, for all is well."

(*Here follows an exquisite description of the said pleasure house, also known as the International Exhibition. After four hundred and ninety-seven verses comes the last.*)

But Cole, C.B., replied, "'Tis long, your story,
And here's a Rummy Start;
Dilke walks in glory with a Hand that's Gory,
While I am *not* a Bart."

1862.

THE NATAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

My dear Colenso,

With regret
We hierarchs, in conclave met,
Beg you, you most disturbing writer,
To take off your colonial mitre.
This course we press upon you strongly,

Yours most truly,

Lambeth. Longley.

II.

My dear Archbishop,
To resign
That Zulu diocese of mine,
And own myself a heathen dark
Because I've doubts about Noah's Ark,
And feel it right to tell all men so,
Is *not* the course for,
Yours,
Kensington. Colenso.

1863.

(SECOND INSTALMENT.)

NATAL *to* MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR PRINCE LEE,
You scold poor me,
But this is clear, as you must see.
"The hare," says Moses, "chews the cud."
"It don't," says Owen. Now, my Lud? N.

MANCHESTER *to* NATAL.

MY DEAR NATAL,
Your letter's quite
Worthy the way you think and write.
You snap a word, which may not mean
The beast the Hebrew called unclean.

But I have far too much to do
To waste my time in smashing you. M.

CANTERBURY *to* HIS CLERGY.

BELOVED BRETHREN,

Spare your bile:
Colenso's book is puerile.
So trite his views, that, as you know,
They were demolished years ago:
They can't seduce good folks, like us,
Though they may make the wicked wus,
As certain advertisers do,
"*Try* our South African," cry you.
I can't, for Clerical Red Tape
Sends him for trial to the Cape.
But for his unbelieving biasses,
I do prohibit him my diocese.
And thank you for the note you've signed,
The which I take uncommon kind. C.

1863.

PAPAL SHORTCOMINGS.

THE Pope mistakes and so disdains
The impatience Rome is showing:
Of no Short Coming she complains,
No, but of his Long Going.

1863.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

(BEING THE ORIGINAL OF MACAULAY'S ARMADA.)

ATTEND, all ye who wish to hear our noble London's praise,
I sing of that great Tuesday night that saw her in a blaze,
When the Archbishop's benison had linked, in bridal chain,
Young Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and our sweet bright-eyed Dane.

It was about the chilly close of a half-foggy day.
When London's myriads all came out to see the grand display:
From sleepy Hammersmith, and from the Dog's amphibious Isle,
The east and west they poured along for many a muddy mile.

The aristocracy for once the pageant deigned to grace,
(Except a few who fled from town and joined the sylvan chace).
Each wide-awake and travelling cap was taken from the wall,
Each wrap and bearskin was brought down and ready in the hall,
Many a gay visitor came up from province and from coast,
And on that night Sir Rowland Hill he stopped the local post.

See, mounted on his charger tall, the proud Inspector comes,
For sterner work than aiding swells to get to balls and drums,
His constables essay to clear in every street a space,
And shout his orders with much more of Henergy than grace ;
And haughtily the dandies sneer, and slightly scream the belles,
As round the crested carriage the plebeian torrent swells,
See how the Lion of the Park attempts with half-a-crown
To bribe his way from streets his coach should never have gone down.

So looks he when in scarlet rage, upon the hunting-field,
His priceless hounds he struggles from a Cockney's charge to shield.
So glares he when on Epsom Downs in wrath he turns to bay,
And swears his carriage shall be moored where last year's race it lay.
O keep your temper now, my Swell; and don't be scared, fair maids,
To-night policemen know you not,—be calm, impatient blades;
Let's take the business quietly, for London is not wide.
But with good management there's room for Pauper and for Pride.

The rain is done, each carriage ope, and each umbrella fold,
And now to see how London shines as bright as molten gold.
Night sinks upon that multitude, that roaring surging sea,
Night that in London never was and ne'er again shall be.
From Westminster to Islington, from Lord's to Ratcliffe Way,
That time of slumber is as bright and busy as the day:

For swift to East and swift to West the glaring joy-flame spread.
High on Victoria tower it shone, on the New River Head,
In pleasant Kent, in Essex dull, and each surrounding shire
The semi-bumpkins gaped and grinned to mark each point of fire.
The actor left his *Colleen Bawn* to-night in pasteboard waves,
The ragged *gamins* poured from arches dark, and dankest caves.
And everywhere the Danish flag with England's banners flew;
Had Louis N. been there we'd said, "Come, *n'est-ce pas beau*, Loo?"
And all that night the million tramped and paced about the town,
And ere the day two million pints of porter had gone down.
The Horseguard's sentinel sometimes looked out into the night,
And at him straight the little boys took an irreverent sight.
And where the gas was blazing best, approving plaudit broke,
And ever and anon a rough but loyal chorus woke.

We cheered the Prince's tailor for his thousand guinea fires,
We cheered where Temple Bar lit up the Strand and Fleet Street spires.
We cheered the *Times* for lighting up the name ill-doers fear,
And at proud *Punch's* lustrous show we gave a louder cheer:
And all the night went tramp, tramp, tramp, the sound of eager feet,
And the broad stream of Londoners, pour down each roaring street,
And jollier broke the laughter forth, and louder was the din,
When some gay lantern's sides took fire and fell in fragments in.

Up Regent Street the lines of light in gleaming glory went,
Scarce ending where at Portland Place stands the good Duke of Kent,
All in a blaze Trafalgar Square upon that night came forth,
But chiefly shone the Portico that stands upon the north:
Saint James's Hall was jewelled fair, the fires are left there still,
Gay showed the gas in Cockspur Street, and gay on Holborn Hill,

Bright shone a shop where somebody in Irish butter *dales*,
With "Welcome Alexandra," and "God bless the Prince of Wales."
The huge sea-lanterns dimly showed on Wren's cathedral height,
But Science rather made a mull with her electric light,
The Templars, for their brother Prince, lit up their dingy fane,
And you could see their Lamb and Flag made out uncommon plain.
Rich was the glare that Mappin's house (the cab pervader) sent,
Fierce glowed the Store that sells the beer from Burton-upon-Trent.
And many a hundred grease-pots did their best for Barry's pile,
But that is an Immensity—what say you, Tom Carlyle?

1863.

LOYAL WHISPER TO A ROYAL RECLUSE.

"NAY, let my people *see* me." Kind
Was She whom then our cheers were greeting:
Now, would that Lady bear in mind
That words like those will bear *repeating*.

1863.

THE NILE SONG.

AS SUNG AT THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, MAY 25, 1863, WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT "THE NILE WAS SETTLED."

HAIL to the chiefs who in triumph advancing
Bring us as trophy the Head of the Nile!
Light from the African Mystery glancing
Brightens the name of our Tight Little Isle.
Honour to Speke and Grant,
Each bold hierophant
Tells what the Ages have thirsted to know:
Loud at the R. G. S.
Sets out their great success
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Theirs was no summer trip, scaling a mountain,
Making gilt picture-books, dear to the Trade;
Far in the desert-sand, seeking yon fountain,
Perilous tracks the brave fellows made.
They are no Longbows,
Who, south of Calbongos
And Galwen, discovered the source of the flow;
They need no rhyme-prater,
Their Line's the Equator,
Says Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Nor, boys, alone of the Nile fountain brag we,
Now of Ungoro the site we decide,
Now we know all of Uganda and Kragwè,
And how King Kamrasi must fatten his bride.
Stanford of Charing Cross,
Swears by King Charles's horse,
Splendid addition his next Map shall show:
"Travelled by Grant and Speke,"
Vainly he will not seek,
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Shout, buffers, shout for the African Highlands,
Shout for Nyanza, the Lake on the Line!
Nile, that now wanders through silent and shy lands,
Some day may roar like the Thames or the Rhine.
While the Moon's Mountains stand,
Speke and Grant's gallant band
Down to posterity famous shall go:
And far below zero
Are Cæsar and Nero,
Cries Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

1863.

ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE.

BY THE STURGEON.

DEAD, is he? Yes, and wasn't I glad when they carried away his corpus?
A great, black, oily, wallowing, wallopping, plunging, ponderous porpus.
What call had Mr. Frank Buckland, which I don't deny his kindness,
To take and shove into my basin a porpoise troubled with blindness?
I think it was like his impudence, and praps a little beyond,
To poke a blundering brute like that in a gentle-fish's private pond,
Did he know as I am the King of Fish, and written down in histories
As meat for his master, that is to say, for Victoria the Queen, his mistress,
And, if right was done, I shouldn't be here, but be sent in a water-parcel
To swim about in a marble tank in the gardings of Windsor Castle:
And them as forgets the law of the land which is made to rule and control,
And keeps a Royal Fish to themselves, may find themselves in a hole.

Is a King like me, I umbly ask, to be put in a trumpery puddle,
For Fellows to walk about and spy and talk zoological muddle,
And swells to come for a Sunday lounge, with French, Italians, and Germans,
Which would better become to stop at home and think of the morning sermons.
And then of a Monday to be used in a more obnoxious manner,
Stared at by tags and rags and bobtails as all come in for a Tanner?
And me the King of Fish, indeed, which it's treating China like delf,
Mr. Kingfisher Buckland, Sir, I think you might be ashamed of yourself.
And then I can't be left alone, but you come and stick in a big
Blind blustering snorting oily beast which is only an old Sea-Pig.
I'm heartily glad he's dead, the pig: I was pleased, to my very marrow,
To see the keeper wheel him away in that dirty old garding barrow.
And though it was not flattering, last Sunday as ever were,
To hear the swells as had read the *Times* come rushing up for a stare,

And crying Bother the Sturgeon, it's the Porpus I want to see,
And going away in a state of huff because there was only Me,
It was pleasant (and kings has right divine to feel a little malicious)
To see 'em sent to behold his cops in the barrow behind the fish-house.
So when Mr. Buckland next obtains a porpus as wants a surgeon,
Perhaps he won't insert that pig beside of a Royal Sturgeon.
I've heard the Tench is a curing fish and effects a perfect cure
Of other fish put into his pond, which he's welcome to do, I'm sure,
But don't bring sick porpuses up to me, I'm kin to the old Sea-Devil,
And though a king I'm not inclined to be touching fish for the evil.
Besides, a porpus isn't a fish, but a highly deweloped man.
Improved, of course, with a tail and fins, on the famous *Westiges* plan,
The Phocœna Rondoletii, though his scent in this sultry weather
Was not like rondoletia nor frangipanni neither,

But that is neither here nor there, and as I previously said,
From the bottom of both my heart and pond I'm glad the Porpus is dead.

Royal Zoological Gardens. THE STURGEON.

P.S. The Reverend Spurgeon gives it out he's related to me, a nigger,
He's no such thing, and much more like the Above Lamented, in figger.
If one may judge by the fottergrafs, which his congregation treasures.
And where he shows himself enjoying no end of domestic pleasures.

1863.

BREAD AND TOAST.

'TWIXT Baker and Miller, which pilfers our siller
In scoundrelest sort, it's not easy to say,
For each of those robbers and greedy food-jobbers
The high price of bread on the other will lay.

But though one submits to 'em, meek as a Quaker,
A Toast and a Sentiment both may go round.
"A health to King Pharaoh who hung up that Baker,
And blest be 'his Dam' where that Miller was drowned."

ONE WHO PAYS BILLS.

1863.

A PRACTICAL ANSWER.

Says Hyam to Moses,
"Let's cut off our noses."
Says Moses to Hyam,
"Ma tear, who vould buy 'em?"

1863.

THE BANTING CODE.

Some glutton has stated that brave Mr. Banting
Himself has succumbed to the system he taught.
'Tis false, and he lives, neither puffing nor panting,
But down to a hundred and fifty pounds brought.

He's done it, and so may each overfed nigger
Who'll simply adopt resolution severe
To avoid, if he wouldn't grow bigger and bigger,
All bread, butter, sugar, milk, tatoes, and beer.

Take a fresh lease of life, and commence a new era,
Mr. Banting's advice makes one long to begin—
"Drink claret and sherry, good grog, and Madeira,
Take four meals a day—and grow gracefully thin."

1864.

"WHO'S GRIFFITH?"

AN ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF A GRAND PARLIAMENTARY FEAT.

FAME! Blow your trumpet
In honour of the greatest man that liveth:
Or if you have a drum, just thump it,
Hurrah! for Darby Griffith!
Renown is his that never yet surrounded
Any M.P.
Let all electors gaze, and say, astounded,
"Yes, that is He."

Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
A thing twice done has brought a Briton glory,
But none like this, O Fame, no never! Far be
The thought of equalling the fame of Darby!
Twice Mayor have liberal Aldermen been greeted,
Twice Killed is Keeley's most triumphant play,
Twice Speaker has a Commoner been seated,
And twice ten years has *Punch* been England's stay.
Twice men have had small-pox, spite vaccination,
Twice men have married, spite the warning Past,
Twice have risked life in mad aërostation,
Twice have risked fortune on the dicer's cast,
Twice have men tried a Crystal Palace dinner,
Twice sought to find a Peeler on his beat,

But never yet has Briton, saint or sinner,
Performed great Darby Griffith's awful feat,
Hear it, O, Counting Babbage, hear with joy,
Hear it, O Bidder, Calculating Boy,
For counting such as this was never done
Beneath the Sun.
Hear it, all bores, wherever you may be
On land or sea,
Leap up, and shout, and hail him with a roar,
THE GREATEST BORE.
For in July, One, Eight, Six, Four,
Within twelve hours did Darby G.
Stand twice upon the Commons' floor
(They laughed, but what cared he?)
And in the selfsame day,—
Read papers, if you doubt—
Devizes, twice thy Member raised his bray,
And was, in most unceremonious way,
TWICE COUNTED OUT.

1864.

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S* PRESENTATION SWORD.

A FITTING gift to one whose merit lay
In being always prompt to cut away.

1864.

* Captain of the Alabama.

NURSERY RHYME.

Air—"What are the Little Girls made of?"

WHAT is an Englishman made of?
Roast beef and jam tart,
And a pint of good Clar't.
And that's what an Englishman's made of.

What is a Frenchman, pray, made of?
Horse steak, and frog fritter,
And absinthe so bitter,
And that's what a Frenchman is made of.

[*Therefore, my dears, you must be kind to a Frenchman, and give him some of your nice diuner, whenever you can, and teach him better. Wipe your mouths, you little pigs, do.*

1864.

ONE FOR HIM.

READING the paper Laura sat,
"Greenwich *mean* time, Mamma, what's that?"
"My love, it's when your stingy Pa,
Won't take us to the Trafalgàr."

1864.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

Mr. Punch has seen, with a sensation which he can hardly describe, a most contemptible card of verses intended as a preface to Photo graph Albums. The composition is fearfully snobbish. It contains the word "Phiz," which is never used in decent society except when reference is made to the distinguished artist who, in mockery of Snobs, selected the name. And it has also the word "Quiz," which is never used except at Islington and in the back streets of the City Road. That no person may have an excuse for using, for a moment, the vulgar affair in question, he subjoins some verses in the same metre, but of a different kind, and he presents the copyright to the Collectors of Photographs.

Yes, here is my Album,
And my Affidavit:
If you beg for one picture,
I'm blessed if you'll have it.
And don't offer your own
But just take it for granted,
That if not in the book,
It's because you're not wanted.

1864.

NATURAM EXPELLES FURCA—RECURRET.

(TRANSLATED BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS MARRIED BENEATH HIM.)

VAINLY my look says, "Fork"—my wife
Into her mouth will put her knife.

1865.

COLENSO THE BRAVE.

BY OUR OWN MONK LEWIS.

A Bishop so wise, and a native so tame,
Conversed in an African mead,
Colenso the Brave was the Suffragan's name,
But the pensive Zulu's is not given to fame,
And they talked upon questions of creed.

"O hush those suspicions," the Suffragan said,
"Offensive to Church and to me."
But something the native put into his head,
He mused on at board, and he mused on in bed,
And he talked of the same in his see.

Then over to England the Suffragan flew,
And published some tomes full of lore,
Which brought on his Lordship each savage Review;
Some called him a sceptic, some called him untrue,
Some said he'd been answer'd before.

A dreadful sensation, too dreadful to tell
To the bench of the Bishops he gave,
As when Mr. Whitworth explodes a big shell;
But they rallied, and all in a body they fell
To demolish Colenso the Brave.

From the Cape, demon-haunted, a Spirit * arose,
It was clad in a mantle of gray,
And it stalked to Colenso, and said, "I depose
A priest who can propagate volumes like those!"
But a stern apparition cried, "Nay!"

In a voice full of sweetness, but cold as a stone,
"I forbid you to touch him!" it said.
"You are phantoms alike—if you want flesh and bone,
Go pray Three Estates; for a Monarch alone
Is nought to the Church but a Head.

"He is free to return to his pensive Zulu,
By whom it appears he was posed,
He knows no allegiance to Longley or you:
Behold me, and know what I tell you is true!"
Then a Chancellor's † face was disclosed.

The sentence was final and left not a doubt,
His smile of derision they saw;
The lawyers ran in, and the lawyers ran out,
They hooted and mooted the Temple about,
But no one could challenge the law.

* Bishop Gray. † Lord Westbury.

And while all the Bishops look awfully grave,
Dancing round them Dissenters are seen,
Their liquor's Cape-port, and as horrid the stave,
They chant "To the health of Colenso the Brave
And his convert, the native so clean!"

1865.

THE WALLACE TOWER.

THE AUCTIONEER'S ADDRESS TO HIS AUDIENCE.

"The Wallace Tower at Stirling cannot be completed for want of funds, so the project is to be discontinued, and the materials are to be sold by auction."—*Scotch Papers.*

Scots, wha won't for Wallace bleed,
Scots, who'd see such humbug d'd.
Welcome; each condition read—
Then make bids to me.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
Yon's the rock, and yon's the tower,
Ere it's in the Sheriff's power,
Pay the £. *s. d.*

Wha would hear an English knave,
Just pretending to look grave,
Drawl, "Is that unfinished shave,
Place for shrimps and tea?"

Wha would see the cursed law,
Grab it in its cruel paw,
Sell up Wallace, Bruce and a
Sae contemptuously?

By your sturdy Scottish brains,
By your wealth of Union games,
Shows that Scotland's sense disdains
An anomalie.

Lay provincial pedants low,
Give the cant of Race a blow,
England's one—and that you know—
One—from Thames to Dee.

1365.

HOME THEY BROUGHT.

(WITH ABJECT APOLOGIES TO MR. TENNYSON, MISS DANCE, AND MISS DOLBY.)

HOME they brought her lap-dog dead,
Just run over by a fly;
Jeames to Buttons winking, said,
"Won't there be a row, Oh my!"
Then they called the flyman low,
Said his baseness could be proved,
How she to the Beak should go—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Said her maid (and risked her place)
" In the 'ouse it should have kept,
Flymen drives at such a pace—"
Still the lady's anger slept.
Rose her husband, best of dears,
Laid a bracelet on her knee,
Like a playful child she boxed his ears—
" Sweet old pet !—let's have some tea."

1865.

MAKE HIM A PEER.

HAVING finished his *Iliad*,
And ceased to be busy,
Lord Derby should try
And translate his Odd-Dizzy.

1865.

BURGLARIOUS JIM.

(BY OUR OWN BROWNING.)

PROUD Policeman marches along,
Is very tall, and looks very strong,
Belted and buttoned, bludgeoned, and drilled,
Set him to fight he'll be victor or killed.
" *But bless his eyes*," *says burglarious* Jim,
" *What do I care for his bludgeon or him ?* "

Much too fine for living in town,
The tradesman bolts when the sun goes down :
Away in his safe his gold he stows,
Away to his willa his Shopship goes.
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his safe, or him?*"

It's Sunday morning, O, jangle bells,
Calling to Church the pious swells :
The parson stands in his Humbox high,
Abusing Jim and his friends hard by.
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his sermon or him?*"

A jolly big hole in his Shopship's wall,
In goes Jim, with his pals and all :
Now for a wrench, with the strength of four,
At Somebody's Patent Impossible Door.
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his patent or him?*"

Door, or side, or something to smash—
Now for watches and jewels and cash.
And now for a wash, and a tranquil meal,
Hark—the clink of the iron heel !
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his boots or him?*"

Home, and rich—and we'll lurk a bit:
Thieves fall out, and a thief has split.
A gang's in quod, and there comes a day
When my Lord the Judge has a word to say.
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his wig or him?*"

A chaplain whines to his softening pets,
Very soft sawder that chaplain gets,
Very sweet hymns the convict sings,
Very quick Ticket his piety brings—
"*Bless his eyes,*" *says burglarious* Jim,
"*What do I care for his hymns or him?*"

Out on Ticket of Leave he stalks,
Tries garotte to amuse his walks:
Trapped again, and again he sings
In tune with a scourge that whistles and stings.
"*You've opened my eyes,*" *says persuaded* James,
"*I'll take the hint, and I'll stop my games.*"

1865.

THEOLOGICAL HOROLOGY.

There's this to say about the Scotch,
So bother bannocks, braes, and birks,
They can't produce a decent Watch,
For Calvinists despise good works.

1865.

A HINT.

You heard him yelping through the night,
That spaniel in our Terrace mews,
And taking all a fiend's delight
In hindering Christians from a snooze.
A coachman owns him—to the man
I sent my maid with bland remark,
That menial told my faithful Ann
That "dogs had got a right to bark."

Unto his master then I wrote,
And brought my wrong beneath his eye,
But to my gentlemanly note
The vulgar snob made no reply.
'Tis well! A dogsmeat man's my friend,
A strychnine pill gives little pain,
Macbeth reminds me, "I *will* send"—
You shall not hear that beast again.

1865.

PALMERSTON.

Born, October 20, 1784. Died, October 18, 1865.

He is down, and for ever! The good fight is ended,
In deep-dinted harness our champion has died;
But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
And grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

He falls, but unvanquished. He falls in his glory,
A noble old King on the last of his fields,
And with death-song we come, like the Northmen of story,
And haughtily bear him away on our shields.

Nor yet are we mourners. Let proud words be spoken
By those who stand, pale, on the marge of his grave,
As we lay in the rest never more to be broken,
The noble, the gentle, the wise, and the brave.

His courage undaunted, his purpose unaltered,
His long patient labour, his exquisite skill,
The tones of command from a tongue that ne'er faltered
When bidding the Nations to list to our will :

Let these be remembered ; but higher and better
The tribute that tells how he dealt with his trust,
In curbing the tyrant, in breaking the fetter,
Lay the pleasure of him we commit to the dust.

But his heart was his England's, his idol her honour,
Her friend was his friend, and his foe was her foe ;
Were her mandate despised, or a scowl cast upon her,
How stern his rebuke, or how vengeful his blow !

Her armies were sad, and her banners were tattered,
And lethargy wrought on her strength like a spell;
He came to the front, the enchantment was scattered—
The rest let a reconciled enemy tell.

As true to our welfare, he did his own mission
When Progress approached him with Wisdom for guide;
He cleared her a path, and with equal decision
Bade quack and fanatic alike stand aside.

The choice of his country, low faction despising,
He marched as a leader all true men could claim;
They came to their fellows, and held it sufficing
To give, as a creed, the great Minister's name.

So heir to traditions of Him, long departed,
"Who called the New World up to balance the Old,"
We lay thee in earth—gallant-natured, true-hearted!
Break, herald, thy wand, for his honours are told.

No, let Pride say her story and cease, for Affection
Stands near with a wealth of wild tears in her eyes,
And claims to be heard with more soft recollection,
Of one who was ever as kindly as wise.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
For never was statesman to Englishmen dearer
Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

The frank, merry laugh, and the honest eye filling
With mirth, and the jests that so rapidly fell,
Told out the state secret that made us right willing
To follow his leading—*he loved us all well.*

Our brave English Chief!—lay him down for the sleeping
That nought may disturb till the trumpet of doom.
Honour claims the proud vigil—but Love will come weeping,
And hang many garlands on Palmerston's tomb!

1865.

"KINGS BEGGED OF A BEGGAR."

O World, in other days Old England raged,
Tore off your royal purples, seized your flags:
Now to one Mill alone she stands engaged,
The Paper-Mill, and humbly begs your Rags.

Yet think not that one feather quits her cap,
Or that she bates a jot of power or will:
For what those Rags, transmuted, shall enwrap
Are Truths. Take those, and own her Mistress still.

1865.

MNEMOSYNE.

A PRIZE POEM.

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Invites my lays ; be present, sylvan maids,
And graceful deer reposing in the shades.

I am the Morning and the Evening Star,
Drag the slow barge, or whirl the rapid car,
While wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
Or private dirt on public virtue throw.
How small of all that human hearts endure
The short and simple annals of the poor !
I would commend their bodies to the rack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Virtue alone is happiness below :
As vipers sting, though dead, by some review ;
And now thou seest my soul's angelic hue.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare :
When blazing London seemed a second Troy,
The heart desponding asks if this be joy.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense :

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran,
And from his lip those words of insult fell,
"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well."

Old man, 'tis not so difficult to die,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky,
Light Ariel perches on the vacant seat,
Or else some black-eyed wench whose eyebrows meet.
Hope mounts exulting on triumphant wing:
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven,
Some people always sigh in thanking Heaven.

Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall,—
Most women have no characters at all.
Scandal is but a speck on Freedom's eye,
Nought may endure but Mutability.
But these, pursued the Chief, are themes sublime,
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
And with a thousand navies strew the bay.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
And blasted is Apollo's laurel bough.
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire,
The powder blows up all before the fire.
Back to the "Devil" the last echoes roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing Pole.

Lorenzo, to recriminate is just,
Can storied urn, or animated bust
Survey mankind from China to Peru,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew?

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Is there no bright reversion in the sky?
Not to admire is all the art I know,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,
Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?
The light is quenched she looked so lovely in,
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Sank pleased, but hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Time fleeted, years on years had passed away,
(Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play),
Her silent watch the pensive mother keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,
And I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
In every gesture dignity and love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than print one stolen verse, one borrowed line.

1865.

NEW PROVERB.

EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

1865.

POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

He who must earn before he dine
Ought to be called at half-past nine.
He who has tick at "Cock" or "Cheese"
Need not get up until he please.

1865.

PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT.

"The trampled worm will turn," say men of learning.
Trample again until he's tired of turning.

1865.

THE FIERY CHARIOT.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE BY OUR OWN MYSTIC.

When infant eyelids first on Nature oping,
Proclaim the music of a summer dream,
How vain the spirit's bondage, idly hoping
To track dull symbols to the parent stream!
Late on the holly hangs the glistering berry,
Deep in the mine is laid the glistering gold;
Yet while the festal dance throbs free and merry,
The wine is ruby, and the iceberg cold.

Dashed on the earth the acorn sinks unheeded,
Red planets march their round with stately roll,
Hold thou thy martyr course, and unimpeded
Fill to the topmost rim thy staggering soul.
So shall the Ages, echoing to the thunder,
Nurture alike the eagles and the bee,
And in the Fiery Chariot, wild with wonder,
Reserve a foremost place for thine and thee.

1866.

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

1. *Never forget the Dear Ones.*
2. *Rock me to Sleep.*
3. *Hark, the Bells are Ringing.*
4. *I Naviganti.*
5. *I cannot Bear to say Farewell.*
6. *When Gentle Ones are Round us.* [*Dream!*
7. *I slept, and O how sweet the*

1. This is a ballad which makes it clear that its composer has not been unmindful of the fact that the chief component parts of practical music are melody, harmony and rhythm, by which latter term we do not mean to imply that which is pronounced, and should be spelt rime, by which we do not mean to imply frost. We see much merit in this verse :—

"NEVER forget the dear ones,
Buy always of the cheap ;
If you've a numerous family
Which you're obliged to keep.
No, don't forget the dear ones,
When you a-shopping go ;
Or you will soon discover
Your purse is getting low."

2. This song illustrates the truth that melody and air are synonymous terms in modern music, whatever they may have been in that of ancient Greece and Rome. The following lines are full of a certain inspiration :—

" Rock me to sleep, thy father's hest
Demands this boon, O daughter fair:
As, dinner done, he sinks to rest
In his Americanian chair.

The chord must be at times unstrung,
My darling child, my saucy minx.
Rock me to sleep, and hold thy tongue,
While I enjoy my forty winks."

3. The bells have more than once, unless our memory deceives us (and we should be very much ashamed of it, could we think it capable of such an act) been alluded to in lyrical verse. Nevertheless an original composer and an original poet will attain novelty of treatment, however hackneyed the theme. We like the merry gaiety of the lines which follow :—

" Hark, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Through the wide, the wide hotel,
Chambermaids are bringing, bringing,
Water to each angry swell.
Yes, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Soon the gong, the gong will roar:
To the dinner table bringing
Swells and belles from every floor.
Hark the bells, &c."

4. Few will be inclined to deny that if Italy is the country of music (not that there is not other music) there is a propriety in adapting Italian music to Italian words. Without disparaging the language in which Shakspeare wrote and Braham occasionally sung, it may be allowed that to melody of a certain kind, the Italian tongue is especially fitted, and here we think is an illustration :—

" I Naviganti, ancora parlanti,
Ammontanamento riscalto possò,
Frastagliaturo e ben maturante,
O mio birbone con asininò !
Non hanno eglino di tutte cattivo ?
Lo questo me stesso liscezza non ho,
Pranzato videte sorella relievo
Augumentazione avanti bravo."

5. Domestic pathos, though it may be of a less elevated character than the loftier grief of poetry or the tragic drama, has nevertheless abundant power to touch the heartstrings in the rightly constituted bosom. When wedded to appropriate melody the conjunction is eminently successful. By the way, ought we to be quite satisfied with the consecutive sevenths approaching the dissonant fourth—but *non offendar maculis*—read this :—

" I cannot bear to say Farewell,
And yet I know 'tis right,
I sniff the dinner's fragrant smell,
I have an appetite.
But as thou dost not bid me stay,
Of course I cannot stop ;
So, fare thee well—my fare to-day
Will be one mutton chop."

6. In a gentler mood than that of the reproachful and baffled sponge, the vocalist may deal with the following playful ditty. We have no unfavourable remark to offer upon it, but should it be successful, its success will probably induce the composer to attempt further composition :—

"When gentle ones are round us
What fun is blind man's buff,
Some girl's light hand has bound us,
And scarcely tight enough.
A stealthy peep revealing
One form among the rest,
We catch, 'mid general squealing,
The one we like the best."

7. The last composition which we have leisure or space to notice on the present occasion does not give us an opportunity of dwelling upon the advantage of an occasional infraction of the grammatical law of chromatic semitone, or we should like to have dwelt (*pace* the shade of Sebastian Bach) on the diapason of the tonic pedal. But we prefer appending the beautiful lines with which we shall close the present article, merely remarking that in due season we may again proceed to an examination of similar evidences that the power of musical composition has not as yet been lost in this country :—

"I slept, and O how sweet the dream !
In Grange's shop there sat but two :
And strawberries red and iciest cream,
Were brought to me by I know who.
He whispered low, his love was told,
In cream the fruit he bade me plunge,
And if I found that cream too cold,
He bade me try the cake of sponge.

He talked of all that makes up life,
Of dresses, dances, drives, and drums;
Of ponies which he'd buy his wife,
And bracelets costing awful sums.
His tones grew low—I listened well,
The accents changed to Mary Tegg's;
'Your Ma have rang the breakfast bell.
And if you're late you'll git no heggs.'"

1866.

THE BOLD GOVERNOR EYRE AND THE BULLS OF EXETER HALL.

A SONG FOR THE STREETS.

On the right of the Strand, as you walk to the West,
The street of all London the finest and best,
You'll see a Greek word on a portico tall:
The building behind it is Exeter Hall.

There people resort to hear spouters abuse
Mahommedans, Catholics, Pagans, and Jews,
Ex-drunkards talk cant, Irish clergymen brawl,
And fanatics howl nonsense in Exeter Hall.

The victim, just now, of its blather and blare,
Is a brave British gentleman, Governor Eyre,
Who, for saving Jamaica with powder and ball,
Has roused all the malice of Exeter Hall.

The Hall has its Pets, whom you must not attack,
And chiefly it pets Quashi-Bungo the black:
And if Quashi-Bungo quotes words from St. Paul,
It's ready to kiss him, is Exeter Hall.

At times Quashi-Bungo from Scripture refrains,
And chops up white people, and scoops out their brains:
Uprises at once the philanthropist squall,
"Of course you provoked him," says Exeter Hall.

For some horrible murders performed by the Pet,
Eyre gave him a lesson he'll never forget,
"You monster, you wretch!" Quashi-Bungo to maul;
"We'll hang you at Newgate," cries Exeter Hall.

"We'll hear," says John Bull, "hold your jabber and row,
I've known my old friend, Mr. Eyre, before now."
"He's a Nero, a Jeffreys, a Governor Wall,"
Cries, screaming with passion, mad Exeter Hall.

Now John stops his ears to fanatical spite,
And suspects Quashi-Bungo was served very right,
But he'll hear the whole story, not told in the drawl
And spasmodic bewailings of Exeter Hall.

But if, when the tale of Jamaica is told,
The Queen gives her thanks to the Governor bold,
What a bellow will burst from the favourite stall
Of the big bulls of Bashan in Exeter Hall.

1866.

THE LAMBETH CATCH.

(Scarcely altered from Shakspeare.)

Written after the revelations of the "Amateur Casual."

UNDER the Greenwood shed
Who loves to go to bed,
And tune his husky note
To paupers' coughing throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
Such thin Skillèe
Keep body and soul together.

1866.

DE ASINIS NIL NISI BONUM.

"Mr. Grimwade (good name in the circumstances) called attention to the disgraceful state of the City during the late snow, and asked whether anything could be done to prevent the citizens from having to wade through similar filth in future.

"Mr. Deputy Bone said that if Mr. Grimwade would inform the Commissioners when another storm would take place (*oh! and laughter*), preparations would be made."—*Common Council, Jan.* 19.

MR. DEPUTY BONE, Mr. Deputy Bone,
Till we read your address, Sir, your name was unknown;
But the fact through the trumpet of Fame shall be blown,
That a very great creature is Deputy Bone.

So clever, so witty. When London should blush
For her streets ancle-deep in filth, snowbroth, and slush,
And complaint is addressed to her Government's ear,
The answer is Bone's idiotical jeer.

For this, you Bonassus, next time we have snow,
Down, bang, let us hope, in foul mud you will go :
And rising, bedaubed, mid the laughter of men,
Let us see if you look like a Funny Bone then.

And to make it more pleasant, just then you may view
Some great civic Don who demands your *ko-too ;*
And who'll say, as you bob with a grin and a groan,
" Why, you look like a mud-lark, you Deputy Bone."

When Samson the Strong made a rush on his foes,
We know whence he snatched up the weapon he chose :
Had the scene been the City, all parties must own,
He'd found what he wanted in Deputy Bone.

1866.

THE BAKERS.

Come, bother all politics, Tory and Whig,
With those of our friend Mr. Bright, the bold Quaker.
Come, join in a chorus—who won't is a prig—
A chorus of honour to Samuel White Baker!

We once had a school of Lake Poets, it's true,
But what were those bards to our African Laker?
He acted Romance and proud Poetry too,
And so let us fill up a health to S. Baker.

His wife, the brave Lady, comes into the toast,
('Twas perhaps overbold among niggers to take her)
'Tis hard to decide which to honour the most,
The high couraged bride or her Benedick Baker.

She stood by his side in the perilous hour,
No storms could affright her, no menaces shake her,
And Hungary well may be proud of the flower
That's worn at the heart of the chivalrous Baker.

They gained the great basin of mystical Nile,
But fighting their passage there, acre by acre;
What eye does not light and what lip does not smile,
When we find at The Sources our Bride and her Baker?

Our Queen, and God bless her, has made him a
Knight,
Of a better She never has yet been a maker;
Nor ever were spurs won in gallantest fight,
More nobly than those at the heels of S. Baker.

Three cheers for the Knight and the Lady so brave,
If Echo's asleep let us lustily wake her;
For none are more worthy of shout and of stave,
Than the Two who ennoble the old name of Baker.

1866.

"I WILL STAND BY MY FRIEND."

NIGHTLY ENCORED.

[*Copyright.*]

I WILL stand by my friend if he's got an umbrella,
Which perhaps he will share, if unwilling to lend,
Nor sceptical be (like Judæus Apella)
Of finding my gain in the hand of a friend.
O yes, I'll stand by him, while slatey clouds cluster,
And elements threaten their rage to expend,
And when the fierce rain-storm comes down in a
Buster,
How sweet at that moment to stand by my
friend!

I'll stand by my friend, if he's dressed out in Swelldom,
And I look as seedy as any old Jew,
In greasified *paletot*, hat brushed very seldom,
And waistcoat that hardly was decent when new.
I'll stand by my friend, folks will see us together,
And half of his lustre on me shall descend;
Is Friendship a Name? If it's not, in bad waether,
Or queer looking toilette, I'll stand by my friend.

1866.

GLADSTONE UNMASKED.

DEAR PUNCH,

When, in my admirable speech the other day, I accused Mr. Gladstone of entertaining towards true Liberalism and Progress that "concentrated malignity" which the poet has described as existing in the "*Spanish Cloister*", I meant to have quoted the following adaptation of Mr. Browning's verses, to which I referred. But time pressed, so I send the travestie to you. It is very close, and I have placed in the mouth of the Malignant as much bitterness as I well could. Gratified at having revealed the hitherto unsuspected wickedness of Mr. Gladstone, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Eden, near Banff. GRANT DUFF.

MR GLADSTONE'S REAL SENTIMENTS AS TO PROGRESS.

GR-R-R— there go, you worst of ogres,
Talk your cant of Manhood, do!
If hate killed folk, Mrs. Progress,
Bless me, would not mine kill you!

What, the English Church want's trimming?
Oh, the Irish has first claims,
Then the tax-cream you'd be skimming—
Don't I see your little games?

In the house we sit together,
Salve tibi! I must hear
Birds of every kind of feather
Screeching nonsense in my ear.
Listening to such trash and stuff, rage
Makes me look uncommon black:
What's the Latin name for Suffrage?
What's the Greek name for "a Quack."

Whew! We'll have our Education,
Free from article and test,
Dogma is our detestation,
Each man's creed is in his breast.
O dear yes, and why should College
With its Greek our jawbone wrench?
What it ought to teach is knowledge
How to call a cab in French.

Progress—Bah! I see your meaning,
Things will get beyond a joke,
But, my friend so overweening,
In your wheel I'll put a spoke.

Row your Liberal boat, yes, row it,
While I steer it into storm:
I, although you may not know it,
Am the man that killed Reform.

Don't I hate you and your preachers,
Chiefly don't I hate Grant Duff,
With his most obnoxious features,
And his skimble-shamble stuff?
You will find me bold and wary—
You beware this tongue of mine!
Ossibus exoriare
Ultor ali— Gr—you swine!

1866.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of Jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness,
Were charmingly in tone,
With the colour on her features,
For the hue was Nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now;
With the hair that Nature gave her,
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features,
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one,
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid,
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her,
No radiant locks were there;
An unmistaken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

1866.

"ANOTHER WAY."

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
And warn each man of sense away.
The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

1866.

ST. PATRICK THE PROTESTANT.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, INSCRIBED TO THE IRISH CHURCH.

"Learned persons have ably proved that St. Patrick did not receive consecration from Rome, and had no communion with her."
—*Record.*

Saint Patrick was a Protestant,
An ancient Irish Curate,
Did he live now, he'd make a row
For tithes, and dues, and pew-rate.
He'd come to London every May,
Polemic and perspiring,
And in the famous Hall of "Bray"
His red-hot shot be firing.

No doubt he'd give the Pope his due,
Much as we give the Devil's,
Call each an Ass who goes to mass,
And sneer at "Convent revels."
About confessionals he'd hint
What decent folk don't mention,
And tell all tales he'd seen in print,
And some his own invention.

He'd give for doom to modern Rome
A hotter gulf than Tophet's,
Term every Priest the Evil Beast
Predicted by the prophets.
O how the Saint would make complaint
Against the legislation
That keeps Maynooth for Popish youth.
At charges of the nation!

He'd prove a People's Church was one
That shuts them out with fences,
That "nation" meant eleven per cent.
Of persons in the Census.
That while we care for Church repair
The State fulfils its mission,
And if there's ne'er a soul goes there,
Thank Popish superstition.

And when he'd prove that well beloved
Established a wonder,
With awful roar he'd hurl galore
Loud Calvinistic thunder.
Deny his Church had got one smirch,
While Rome's had not a bright side—
Then take his seat in Clarges Street,
And dine with Mr. Whiteside.

1866.

THE ACADEMY DINNER.

(STRANGERS NOT PRESENT.)

"Our Chaplain's non-resident,
So, 'Grant,'" prays the President.
"Grace I always think right
At all dinners, says Knight.
"Turtle soup, if you please,
And green fat," says Maclise.
"No, I think I'll have pea,
It looks wholesome," says Lee.
"This napkin's a towel,"
Says Patrick MacDowell.
"The soup's flavoured coarsely,
I fancy," says Horsley.
"How the gas flickers. Silly
To burn gas," says Millais.

"Candles keep us more cool,
And look nicer," says Poole.
"But candles must smell more,
If bad ones," says Ellmore.
"They ought to have less wick,
Nor gutter," says Cresswick.
"Some day we'll discard wick,
For oil-lamp," says Hardwick.
"Severn salmon, I hope,
Nice and curdy," says Cope.
"Severn salmon, a myth!
He's a Dutchman," says Frith.
"He was caught with a hook,
Here's the mark," says Cooke.
"The hook didn't prick his gill,"
Says H. W. Pickersgill.
"A small piece of turbot,
I pray for," says Herbet.
"Some fins and some bones—
They're the sweetest," says Jones.
"These Kremeskys I laud,
They are models," says Ward.
"The suprême's nice and hot,"
Says the Architect Scott.
"Then Restore it—I'm partial
To that, Sir," says Marshall.
"I always eat slowly
At dinner," says Foley.

"I never eat leeks,
Are they toothsome?" says Weekes.
"On that waiter a stupor
Has come," says A. Cooper.
"I saw lamb in his hands here,
I thought," says Charles Landseer.
"Champagne? No, some red wine.
More safe," says Sir Edwin.
"Well, a very good hock's all
I care for," says Boxall.
"This cup's not ill made,
And well iced," says T. Faed.
"If it's mingled with skill lip
Meets worse things," says Phillip.
"Overdone, tell the cook,
Are these ducklings," says Hook.
"Try the Charlotte, you should all,
It's scrumptious," says Goodall.
"I knew gout, in Banff, healed
By iced food," says Stanfield.
"If that salad is lobster,
I'll have some," says Webster.
"But crab you had best make hot,"
Says sensible Westmacott.
"Neither jelly nor tart
For yours truly," says Hart.
"Parmesan, not too new, is
Digestive," says Lewis.

"Some tea—I've to work
Before bedtime," says Smirke.
"Tea sends me to bed grave
And wakeful," says Redgrave.
"Now, we'll have a cigar,"
Says young Pickersgill, F.R.

CHORUS OF FIENDS. (ASSOCIATES). *Outside.*

You in there! Thirty Eight!
Sitting stuck up in state,
And looking so proud and so haughty,
Elect, and be blowed,
For Reform's on the road,
And next time we *shall vote with the Forty.*

1866.

THE ASSOCIATES' SUPPER.

(NOT THAT THEY DO NOT HAVE THE MOST ELEGANT AND COSTLY DINNERS, BUT FOR POETICAL PURPOSES A DISTINCTION MUST BE DRAWN BETWEEN THE ARTISTIC SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.)

"PLEASE pass me the pickle,"
Requests Erskine Nicol.
"Here it is, but no spoon,"
Replies Henry Le Jeune.
"Mashed potatoes here, Betty,
Browned nice," says Pettie.

"They're best in the peel,"
Says judicious O'Neil.
"What things to feed Nobs on!"
Says W. C. Dobson.
"I'll have some cold meat,"
Observes wise G. E. Street.
"These lettuces want
The right flavour," says Sant.
"With vinegar stir 'em,
And Mustard," says Durham.
"Have some curry, or Kari,"
Says Edward M. Barry.
"No, it makes tongue and jaw burn
Like winking," says Thorburn.
"Those oysters must cost
A small fortune," says Frost.
"Sent up in deep shells.
That is proper," says Wells.
"Waiter, put a hot plate on
This table," says Leighton.
"And a hotter, a scalder, on
This table," says Calderon.
"I've not eaten, *nuper*,
Worse fowl," says T. Cooper.
"Do Fuseli dreams
Follow supper?" says Yeames.
"Yes, by Jove, that's the grievance,"
Returns Edward Stephens.

"Here, Waiter! That man's dull.
Some Stilton," says Ansdell.
"This beer's from some ditch-pond,
Don't drink it," says Richmond.
"The fault's not with Betty,"
Says kind Marochetti.

CHORUS OF FIENDS. (EXHIBITORS.) *Outside.*

There they are! There they are!
Ça ira, ça ira!
Let's kill 'em, and skin 'em, and gibbet 'em,
Unless they all swear
To unite in our prayer
For increasing their number ad libitum.

1866.

OUR PARTING KICK TO 1866.

GET out, Old Year, get out, get out,
And don't keep lingering here about,
We don't care whether you've got the gout,
Or what's the matter, but just get out!
You stupid, sorrowful, sad old year,
You maundering, mischievous, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out!

Your life's a chapter of griefs and woes,
You were always treading on people's toes,
Till you set great nations at brutal blows,
And gave their braves to the kites and crows.
You savage, slaughterous, sad old year,
You mocking, murderous, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You prolonged the plague that destroyed the ox,
You dashed our ships on the grinding rocks,
You aimed at credit such cruel knocks
That on came Panic with ruinous shocks.
You spiteful, slanderous, sad old year,
You mumping, miserly, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You stirred a quarrel of class and class,
And when we thought we'd a chance to pass
A wise Reform, you abused the mass,
And slanged the few, and it went to grass.
You sulky, scandalous, sad old year,
You mouthing, muddling mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You flung fresh food in rebellion's jaws,
You established Yankee and Fenian laws,
You frightened Erin, and gave us cause
To suspend fair Freedom's noblest laws.
  You base, bewildering, bad old year,
  You mean, malignering, mad old year,
  O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

Come in, New Year, with your hopeful smile,
To end our ditty of blare and bile,
That mean old cuss was enough to rile
An angel's temper, but *you* 'll strike Ile.
  You nice, no naughtiness, neat new year,
  You smiling, saucy face, sweet new year,
  Your look increases the treat, my dear,
Of kicking that old Cad out.

1867.

MUSÆ CANORÆ.

THE ancient rhymer wooed each Muse
  To earth, in well remembered line :
To modern rascal gets his dues
  From cat that Mews " Descend, ye Nine ! "

1867.

A CHIVALRIC BALLAD.

"A LANGPORT ROMANCE.—On Sunday before the congregation at Huish church were forbidden the banns of marriage between Fred. Biddlecombe, of Mucheiney, and a girl named Anne Harris, of Huish Episcopi. A dispute had arisen between the parties in consequence of a soldier having met the couple and insisted on a prior claim to the girl. A fight ensued, and shortly afterwards Harris decamped with the soldier, taking Biddlecombe's best clothes with her."—*Bristol Mirror.*

"WILT kneel before the holy priest,
And be my blushing bride,
Thy life shall be one pleasant feast,
Myself thy friend and guide."

So spoke young Biddlecombe the brave,
His hand in hand of Anne's,
Her whispered answer Anne gave,
"My Fred, put up the banns."

He published once, he published twice,
That reverend priest and good,
This Sabbath day to publish thrice
In holy church he stood.

"If any know a righteous cause
Why these should not be wed,
Cite the divine or human laws
On which they seek to tread."

Young Biddlecombe he smole a smile,
Fair Annie blushed a blush,
When up the consecrated aisle
A Soldier rushed a rush.

His face was bronzed by Eastern suns,
He seemed to come from far,
As one who'd charged on Indian guns,
And fought the Russian Czar.

To his broad brow his manly hand
He raised in grave salute ;
The plighted pair that Soldier scanned
With gesture stern and mute.

Then turning to the priest he said,
"I do forbid those banns."
The bridegroom's cheeks are fiery red,
And pale are lovely Anne's.

"Before I joined the Ranks of Death,
Our foemen to defy,
To me she pledged her troth and faith,
Anne ! answer, if I lie."

No answer gave the trembling maid,
But glistening tears she shed,
Outspoke the bridegroom, "Who's afraid?
I'll punch that Soldier's head."

In vain the frighted Beadle cried
"This here's no place for jaw,"
The lovers and intending bride
From holy church withdraw.

And e'er the good and reverend man
On knees hath meekly kneeled,
They stand, those twain, and faithless Anne,
In an adjacent field.

Brave Biddlecombe flings down his coat,
His Sunday coat so gay,
The Soldier from his manly throat
Tears his cravat away.

From Huish there hurries many a clown,
They form the fatal ring:
The Soldier fires a furious noun,
Unmeet for bard to sing.

Then stern on guard, like Saxon men,
They both together fell,
If either spoke his rival then
'Twas scarce to wish him well:

Slap-bang with left the lover leads,
His right flies nobly out;
He's home! he's home! the Soldier bleeds
From his sarcastic snout.

Ha ! well returned, the stream of gore
From Frederick's muzzle drips,
That kissing-trap shall never more
Entrap sweet Annie's lips.

Then with twin yell the champions close,
And hit the best they can,
And blackened eyes and flattened nose
Attest the English Man.

By Jove, 'twould stir a coward's heart
Would make a mourner gay,
To see them on each other dart,
And nobly pound away.

While Anne sits weeping on the grass,
And knows not which to choose,
Between that Soldier's arm of brass,
And Frederick's iron thews.

'Tis done, 'tis done, that fatal blow
Has stretched him, lax and loose,
He strives to rise ; Brave Frederick, no,
Cooked, Biddlecombe, thy goose.

One glance of hate, from darkened eyes,
The conquering Soldier sped,
Then whispers Annie, " Love, arise,
And marry me instead."

She rose and followed him, to stray
Far from dull Huish's ditches;
But called at Frederick's on her way,
And stole his last new breeches.

1867.

ACADEMY CATALOGUE. 1867. No. 1106.

So the Johanna men have lied
Like Southcote, the Johanna woman,
And bold Sir Roderick tells with pride,
That Livingstone is safe, and comin'.
Last year the sculptor wrote "the late,"
When our brave David's bust was shown
Who'll care for that dead marble's fate,
When we have got a Living Stone?

1867.

CHANT OF SMALL CRITICS.

Air—"The Chough and Crow."

The Private Day and Feast are gone,
The public comes to see,
The poor Rejected grunt and groan,
Nor speak with charity.

The shillings flood the porter's den,
The Red Star sheds its ray,*
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Now for the witticisms cheap
That sting with knat-bite power:
The sentence based on hasty peep,
And visit of an hour:
Bewildered boobies (nine in ten)
Admire our sportive way:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Who heeds the painter's saddened brow,
The wolf he keeps from door,
The pale wife's timid trust that, now,
His work shall swell their store?
Let's scare his hope and chance again,
As boys pelt boys in play:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
And slang him as ye may.

1867.

* "A red star affixed to the frame or picture denotes that the picture is sold."—*Academy Catalogue*, p. 5.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE EPIGRAM ON BISHOP AND PICKPOCKET BARRINGTON? VERY WELL, THEN, HERE'S ITS COMPANION, BY A STUPIDISH, OLD-FASHIONED FOGY.

Two Allens, this year, on our Rules did incroach,
And in different Ways to Not'riety ran:
One* was Prais'd for his Wish to *keep out of* a Coach,
One† was tried for Attempt to *break into* a Van.

[This would have been Wit a hundred years ago, you old idiot.—*P.*]

1867.

A RICH COLE MINE.

FROM A DISTINGUISHED POLICE CONSTABLE AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, TO HIS SWEETHEART AT SHREWSBURY.

YOU ask me, Susan, for to state unto yourself and friends
The sort of show at Kensington as on my care depends,
Which I proceed to do, my love, with all my heart and soul,
The show reflecting credit on myself and Mr. Cole.

* Our worthy Lord Mayor elect.
† The execrable Manchester Fenian.

The place were Brompton Boilers, but them things is took away,
(I bleeve they're gone to Bethnal Green, but really cannot say),
A stately red Museum stands, a truly noble sight,
More striking than the British M., as that is only white.

I let the public enter in, the glorious sights to see :
On Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, I let them enter free ;
On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, they approach in different manner,
Defraying sixpence which they call, if playful-like, a tanner.

The Public is a stupid pig, my girl, and that's a fact,
They really want an awful deal of telling how to act ;
This Show is truly wonderful, if persons only knew,
Yet not one Swell in twenty knows the sights as he might view.

We've all the Vernon pictures, and the Sheepshanks ones beside,
The pick and choice of British art, in fact the British pride,
Purchased regardless of expense by them as trouble took
To give them to a public as will hardly come and look.

I couldn't tell you half the names, but figures makes
it clear,
A thousand and twelve over I have counted, Susan
dear:
A thousand and twelve over, Sue, and every one a Jem,
And what are called Shadeovers, though there's no
shade over them.

Next, thank my Royal Mistress for this best of many
boons,
I exhibit the late Raphael's original Cartoons,
Which here in all their glory may be pleasantly
beheld,
It was not so at Hampton Court, which also fusty
smelled.

But that's High Art, at which the Swells as on the
painters fawn
Because they are the fashion, when they're not a
looking, yawn;
So come with me, my Susan, to the gorgeous sights
down-stairs,
Gold, jewels, silver, ivory, enamel, china wares.

That play we saw that night when you unkindly did
behave,
The chap went down burglariously and plundered of
a cave.

Aladdin were the party's name, and what he saw was fine
But nothing to the treasures in this Cave of Cole's and mine.

We've ransacked every jewel-box for things no price could buy,
We've watches, trinkets, amber, pearls, and splendid Bigotry,
The meedy evil relix as I've heard from them as knows
Alone would make South Kensington the true A 1 of shows.

A Trojan's column, large as life, at least a fairish slice,
Wren's model of St. Paul's before he took the King's advice,
And such Italian pulpits, cut and carved to that degree,
I suppose they'd stupid parsons, so required fine things to see.

Old painted coaches and sedans, as like could tell some tales,
As bright as them I see at France, I mean to say Versales,
And lovely music instruments as melts your eyes in tears
To think the ladies they belonged is dead two hundred vears.

Which France reminds of purchases that's only just
come in,
(I says to Cole, says I, you know the way to frisk the
tin).
We've got some crack Art Furniture, as took the
highest prize,
I never saw such heavenly blue, except in Susan's
eyes.

Of creature comforts let me speak, of which I can
report
Refreshments are provided of the very primest sort.
But O that ass the public, when on our map they
read
"Provisional Arrangement" they think *that* the place
to feed.

And now, dear Sue, I've told you not the half of what
I guard,
That Swells don't come more fluently does seem un-
common hard.
A place like this of mine and Cole's, at once a Show
and School,
The man or woman as don't see is nothing but a
fool.

1868.

DISRAELI'S DISPENSATION.

In allusion to the well-known speech Mr. Disraeli (then Premier) delivered at the Merchant Taylor's dinner.

O Dizzy, my darling, when next a libation
You pour with the Taylors, so gladsome and free,
Don't prate, if you love me, about dispensation,
For that's not a word for yourself or for me.

When a gentleman spouts for his own recreation,
One wouldn't be hard on a firework phrase,
But the canting and *Record*ish word Dispensation—
Is *that* fitting stuff for these cynical days?

If you meant it in fun it's a mere desecration,
If earnest, my boy—but you're not such a fool:
What certain religionists call Dispensation
Is something that never was taught in your school.

You want to set going a Church agitation,
Well, play out your game with each weapon that's fair,
But the humbug that calls lobby-votes Dispensation,
Old Punch, the great Umpire, 's unable to bear.

Assert, if you like, that a dread tribulation
Will follow the fall of John Manners and you;
But don't call a vote a divine Dispensation,
Because you're aware that the thing is untrue.

Punch likes your smart books for your keen detestation
Of hypocrite howl that you christened a *Cry*,
But Taper and Tadpole ne'er roared Dispensation
When Protestant votes were the dearest to buy.

I'll end with a hint this unpleasant jobation:
If oft you display such an absence of Nous,
You'll get what the Catholics call Dispensation
From paying the penance of leading a House.

PUNCH.

1868.

PAX LOQUITUR:

"WHEN Freedom dressed in sunlight vest
Bids every patriot bare his glaive,
Let him who loves her strike his best,
And him who falters die a slave.
But, Man of the Mysterious Brow,
What means this mighty arming now?

"Whom dost thou fear? Who threatens France?
Make answer, her Elected Lord:
Fall where it will, that look askance,
Where does it spy a hostile sword?
Why all these legions in array?
Peace, whom they startle, bids thee say.

"Dost dread the German's stubborn line,
The German phalanx dark and stern,
(The King whose claim is Right Divine,
While thine is in a juggling urn)
The Lutheran soldier's deadly gun—
Art thou not told its work is done?

"Dost deem Italia's sons may come
To Teach the lesson France forgets,
And marching with a Roman drum,
May pay by Seine their Tiber debts?
The only gage they dare to fling
Is insult to their Soldier-King.

"Once there were left no Pyrenees,
Now lours their frowning range again,
No Wellesley lives each pass to seize
And cleave the way for thankless Spain:
Nor peril hath thy vision spied
From that dead land that gave thy bride.

"No dread hast thou of Austria's raid,
The Prussian swept her from the path,
And Maximilian's blood hath paid
Thy ransom from Columbia's wrath.
Doth fear to meet the Russ once more?
That vulture thirsts for Turkish gore.

"And England? Nay, the jest were weak,
She lives by me, and loves me true.
Nor bids her children vainly speak
Of Agincourt and Waterloo.
Man of December, be at rest,
She strikes no unsuspecting breast.

"See where Conscription's hand unfurls
The cursed scroll, thy Marshals' claim!
Why dare thy Marshals tell the girls
To wed the maimed, the blind, the lame?
There is a God of Justice. Smile.
There was a Moscow—and an Isle."

1868.

OLD JOKE FROM THE OLD SCHOOL.

In days when novels, (mostly female,) treat
Of crimes whose names one scarcely dares repeat,
Gladstone rings out the praise of Walter Scott.
Well spoken, Gladstone. Dash the Income-Tax,
But you say well, my son, that mangy hacks
In the "long run" will die behind "Scott's lot."

1868.

NICKLEDY NOD.

A FEW NEW WORDS TO A VERY OLD ENGLISH SONG, FOR WHICH MR. PUNCH ACKNOWLEDGES HIS INDEBTEDNESS AND GRATITUDE TO OUR OWN DEAR "NOTES AND QUERIES."

"WHEN shall we be married,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"When I've a thousand a year, child,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Shan't we be married before,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Would you wed on just three hundred?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we take a lodging,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"We'll have a house in Belgravia,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Can't we live happy, and cheaper,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Would you live at Bow, or Islington?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Whom should we ask to see us,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"We'd soon know lords and ladies,
I think it is wondrous good."

T.

"Shouldn't we ask our old friends,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Would you ask city clerks and tradesfolk?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we find amusement,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"We'll have two stalls at the Opera,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Something less costly, won't we,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Would you stew in the pit at Sadler's Wells?
I think the young wench is mad."

"Where shall we go in autumn,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Trouville, Dieppe, and Baden,
I think it is wondrous good."
"Won't that be very expensive,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Would you go to Margate, or Gravesend?
I think the young wench is mad."

"When shall we have our thousand,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"Well, when I'm nearly forty,
I think it is wondrous good."

"Couldn't we venture it sooner,
My own dear Nickledy Nod?"
"What, wed like our fathers and mothers?
I think the young wench is mad."

1868.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION, RESPECTFULLY RECOMMENDED TO SUNDRY WHOM IT CONCERNS.

More luck to honest poverty,
It claims respect, and a' that;
But honest wealth's a better thing,
We dare be rich for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And spooney cant and a' that,
A man may have a ten-pun note,
And be a brick for a' that.

What though on soup and fish we dine,
Wear evening togs and a' that,
A man may like good meat and wine,
Nor be a knave for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fustian talk and a' that,
A gentleman, however clean,
May have a heart for a' that.

You see yon prater called a Beales,
Who bawls and brays and a' that,
Tho' hundreds cheer his blatant bosh,
He's but a goose for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His Bubblyjocks, and a' that,
A man with twenty grains of sense,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
And if the title's earned, all right,
Old England's fond of a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Beales' balderdash, and a' that,
A name that tells of service done
Is worth the wear, for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
And come it will for a' that,
That common sense may take the place
Of common cant and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Who cackles trash and a' that,
Or be he lord, or be he low,
The man's an ass for a' that.

1868.

HE WON'T BE A MASON.

"The Prince of Wales has again declined to become a Free Mason."—*Daily Papers.*

Air—"The Free and the Accepted Mason."

[N.B.—It is manifestly not the fault of Mr. Punch that the donkey of other days, who wrote the doggerel which still excites the Lodges to frantic delight, laid his accent on the wrong syllable in accepted.]

We need not prepare,
For we can't get the Heir
To make us a Joyful Occasion,
He thinks it's all stuff
When we play blind man's buff
With a free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our mystery to put a good face on,
And no doubt an old prig
In a full-bottomed wig,
Made a marvellous Accepted Mason.

The young Prince of Wales
Doesn't care for our tales,
Of Jachin, and Boaz, and Jason,
(Like Gog and Magog)
The excuses for prog
With the free and the Accepted Mason.

He consulted the Queen,
Who responded, serene,
"I think I would answer them Nay, Son,"
And he thought of one Name
Which we never could claim
As that of an Accepted Mason.

A Knight of the Garter
Can hardly sigh arter
The trappings we lovingly gaze on
When decked out, like muffs,
In the collar and cuffs
Of the free and the Accepted Mason.

He does not imply
That our secret's my eye,
Or the brotherhood's motive a base 'un,
And we cannot deny
That the time has gone by
For the free and the Accepted Mason.

Shelve the spike-seated stool,
Let the gridiron cool,
And shut up the board that we trace on,
Let the thunder be dumb,
For the Prince will not come
As a free and Accepted Mason.

But when bumpers are tipped,
And our napkins are dipped
In the gilded old rose-water bason,
We'll drink to A. E.
Whom we still hope to see
Some day as an Accepted Mason.

1868.

POEM BY LORD WINCHELSEA.

SIR,

Years ago you published a poem, not exactly in my honour, beginning

"Silly little Finches have silly little ears."

That, Sir, I have forgiven you. I write much better poetry now, I assure you, than that which called forth your criticism. In proof I beg to enclose you a composition which I have just completed, and it will much please me, and the rest of the aristocracy, if you will give it publicity.

I shall also be delighted if you will admit any critical remarks which this poem may call out from delighted readers.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

August 4. WINCHELSEA.

ALLEGORICS.

As it fell upon a day,
Sliding down the Milky Way,
Like a little child of Zion
Riding on the British Lion,
Voiced a Sea-Nymph, calm and blue,
As she sang I sing to you :

Neither more and neither less,
N.B. Copy the address.
When the silver stars are steaming,
Earth is on its axis dreaming,
When the comet-bolt is shot,
I am there and I am not.
Watch me when Orion sickens
For another tale by Dickens,
Watch me when Osiris perches
On the wrecks of Irish Churches,
Watch me when the Red Star, Aries,
Cries aloud "Reform your Dairies."
When each gipsy Dimber-Damber
Wraps him in a sheet of amber,
When the smiling glow-worm skims
O'er the ice-berg, singing hymns,
When electric organs roar
Round sad Staffa's dismal door,
And the mermaid seeks her den,
Eating oysters—watch me then.

Red the morn and black the valley,
When young Sara left her alley,
Redder ears and blacker eyes,
His, to whom young Sara flies,
Comes the Master, fierce to see,
Like a raging Osmanli,
Him, whom Sara loves so dearly,
Bangs the Master most severely,

Yet the beaten recks not, while
Sure of faithful Sara's smile.
Now I part, dark winds are blowing,
Aries through the Zodiac lowing,
Who is this, whose pallid Pæan
Vibrates round the empyrëan,
Who is this whose blue eye twinkles
Through his mask of periwinkles,
Who obtrudes the hateful kiss,
Answer, Loved Ones, who is this?
Nay, we know not, answers falter,
Incense hides Tractarian altar,
All is all, and part is part,
Truth is held to Falsehood's heart.
Darkness makes all faces hideous,
Be the artist Lusk or Phidias;
Wain, that starry Charles long rode in,
Creaks beneath imponderous Odin,
Till, twin hemispheres his drums,
Odin's stern Avenger comes.

1868.

"OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

(GENUINE VERSION.)

Our dear old Church of England,
Let's rally round you now,
Though there's not the least occasion
For kicking up a row:
You know you're safe as ever,
And watched with loving eye,
But Dizzy (who's so clever)
Suggests a little Cry.

So, dear old Church of England,
(And none can tell you cheap)
We'll make your name a war-cry,
For those who'd office keep.
Declare to win elections,
Old Mother Church so dear,
With these, our crack selections,
Yourself, and Gold, and Beer.

1868.

DIOMEDES ON THE HIPPOPHAGI.

"I FED my mares with men. 'Tis not a myth,
For 'tis endorsed by Dr. William Smith.
To mares Alcides flung me. Things are changed.
I and my victims are alike avenged."

Langham Hotel.

1868.

TO MY BELOVED VESTA.

MISS, I'm a Pensive Protoplasm,
Born in some pre-historic chasm.
I, and my humble fellow-men
Are hydrogen, and oxygen,
And nitrogen, and carbon too,
And so is Jane, and so are you.
In stagnant water swarm our brothers
And sisters, but we've many others,
Among them animalculæ,
And lizard's eggs—and so, you see,
My darling Vesta, show no pride,
Nor turn coquettish head aside,
Our pedigrees, as thus made out,
Are no great things to boast about.
The only comfort seems to be
In this—philosophers agree

That how a Protoplasm's made
Is mystery outside their trade.
And we are parts, so say the sages,
Of life come down from Long Past Ages.
So let us haste in Hymen's bands
To join our protoplastic hands,
And spend our gay organic life
As happy man and happy wife.

1869.

&

Of all the types in a printer's hand,
Commend me to the Amperzand,
For he's the gentleman, (seems to me)
Of the typographical companie.
O my nice little Amperzand,
My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned
Equals my elegant Amperzand !

He's never bothered, like A.B.C.
In Index, Guide, and Directorie :
He's never stuck on a Peeler's coat,
Nor hung to show where the folks must vote.

No, my nice little Amperzand,
My plump and curly Amperzand,
When I've a pen in a listless hand,
I'm always making an Amperzand !

Many a letter your writers hate,
Ugly *q*, with his tail so straight,
x, that makes you cross as a bear,
And *z*, that helps you with zouns to swear.
But not my nice little Amperzand,
My easily dashed off Amperzand,
Any odd shape folks understand
To mean my Protean Amperzand !

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff,
Never he's used in scold or tiff,
State epistles, so dull and grand,
Mustn't contain the shortened and.
No, my nice little Amperzand,
You're good for those who're jolly and bland,
In days when letters were dried with sand
Old frumps wouldn't use my Amperzand !

But he is dear in old friendship's call,
Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl:
" Come & dine, & have bachelor's fare."
" Come, & I'll keep you a Round & Square."

Yes, my nice little Amperzand
Never must into a word expand,
Gentle sign of affection stand,
My kind, familiar Amperzand.

"Letters Five do form his name:"
His, who Millions doth teach and tame:
If I could not be in that Sacred Band,
I'd be the affable Amperzand.
Yes, my nice little Amperzand,
And when P.U.N.C.H. is driving his five-in hand,
I'll have a velocipede, neatly planned
In the shape of a fly-away Amperzand.

SCANDULA EXOLUTA.

1869.

ON A DOWNY BLUSTERER.

JACK CARNIFEX before the poor doth swell;
Before the rich drops voice and syllable.
And bleats a mild Jack Carney. Jack doth well.

ANOTHER.

CHAWLES says Jack bawls. Not to his Betters, Chawles;
So no man hath a right to say Jack bawls.

MARTIAL STALK.

1869.

DUNCE DUNSTAN.

"A man called Dunstan has blown up the Tôlmen rock with powder."—*Times.*

DUNSTAN, for sordid greed, or stupid spite,
To bits the Tôlmen, Cornwall's wonder, blows:
The next time Dunstan and A Party fight,
O, may the pincers be on t'other nose!

1869.

TO SIR EDWIN.

120. The Swannery invaded by Sea-Eagles."—*Academy Catalogue*, 1869.

O TRUE Poet-Painter! the debt that you owe us
From Genius's funds, you are constant to pay;
Your youth is renewed like the Eagle's you show us—
Far, very far off be the Swan's parting lay.

1869.

AT LEAST.

BABIES may come, and passing-bells may clang
In Lent; but "Marry Not" your priest insists:
His superstition lacks all Pagan twang,
Mors and Lucina are no Ritualists.

1869.

THE NEW L.J.C.

"The Lord Advocate is Mr. Moncreiff, not Mr. Moncrieff."
London Scotsman.

HAVING stared hereat for half an hour,
With a double eye-glass of treble power,
We cleared up the mystery dark:
His "e" must come before his "i,"
But to save mistake of such awful dye,
(A very good judge he'll be by-the-by)
We're to call him Lord Justice Clerk.

1869.

GIULIA GRISI.

NAY, no elegies nor dirges!
Let thy name recall the surges,
Waves of song whose magic play
Swept our very souls away:
And the memories of the days
When to name thee was to praise;
Visions of a queenly grace,
Glowings of a radiant face,
Perfect brow—we deemed it proud
When 't wore the thunder-cloud;
Yet a brow might softly rest
On a gladdened lover's breast

Were thy song a Passion-gush,
Were it Hatred's torrent-rush,
Were it burst of quivering woe,
Or a sorrow soft and low,
Were it Mischief's harmless wiles,
Or wild Mirth and sparkling smiles,
Art's High Priestess ! at her shrine
Ne'er was truer guard than thine.
Were it Love or were it Hate,
It was thine, and it was great :
Glorious Woman—like to thee
We have seen not, nor shall see—
Lost the Love, the Hate, the Mirth.

* * * *

Light upon thee lie the earth !

1869.

PUNCH TO WALES.

Taffy is a Welshman
  Taffy's not a thief,
Taffy's mutton's very good,
  Not so good his beef :
I went to Taffy's house,
  Several things I saw,
Cleanliness and godliness,
  Obedience to the law.

If Taffy rides to my house,
Or unto Pat's doth swim,
I think my Taffy will remark
That we might learn of him.
He doesn't drink, my Taffy,
(Not, leastways, as a rule),
He goes to Chapel regular,
And sends his boys to school.
He dresses well on Sunday,
His family the like,
He's not too fond of over-work,
But seldom cares to Strike.
He never lurks behind a hedge
To pay his rent with slugs.
Up craggy hills of steep incline
His garden mould he lugs,
And there he grows his garden,
His cabbages and leeks,
His Kids get green meat in their mouths,
And roses in their cheeks.
Taffy is a Welshman,
And glories in the name,
To laugh at which enjoyment
Appears to me a shame.
You compliment the Scotchman,
Who talks of Bruce and Burns,
You tolerate the Irishman
Who vaunts ancestral Kerns.

You're nuts on your own pedigree,
Won't call it English, fair,
But prate of "Anglo-Saxons,"
Till Reviewers nearly swear.
Why shouldn't gallant Taffy,
Have his relics and his bones,
Llewellyns and Cadwallos,
And Griffyevanjones?
To say nothing of the question
Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
Wasn't quite a fine old language
When all of ours were young.
He says he has good Poets,
Leave him his own opinion,
You like obscure old ballads,
And Taffy likes Englynion.
Pray, are not "moel," "afon,"
And "Morwyns" (pretty rogues)
At least as good as "birks" and "braes"
"Mavourneens," "Arrah pogues?"
By all Nantfrancon's Beavers,
Of the pre-historic age;
By Aberglaslyn's hoary bridge,
And the Swallow's Roaring Rage,
By the Trouts of Capel Curig,
By Carnarvon's Eagled tower,
The smile of placid Tan-y-Bwlch,
And the frown of Penmaenmawr.

By yon lonely Puffin Island,
And the monster Head of Orme,
The Castle of the Beauteous Marsh
Llanberis' Pass of Storm,
By the magic Bridge of Bangor,
Hung, awful, in the sky,
By the grave at sweet Beddgelert,
Where the Martyr-Hound doth lie,
By the lightnings that on Snowdon
Glint, the jewels of his crown,
Stand up, brave Taffy, for thy right,
And never be put down.
If all Victoria's subjects
Were half as good as thou,
Victoria's subjects would kick up
Uncommon little row.
And Punch, Incarnate Justice,
Intends henceforth to lick
All who shall scorn or sneer at you:
You jolly little Brick!

1869.

WHY THE VIADUCT ISN'T OPENED.

All's done, the work of trowel, stone-saw, forge:
Admit the public. Not so fast, by George!
Wait till Great Beadledom can Strut and Gorge.

1869.

DERBY.

Born 1799. Died 1869.

WITHDRAWING slow from those he loved so well,
Autumn's pale morning saw him pass away:
Leave them beside their sacred dead to pray,
Unmarked of strangers. Calmer memories tell
How noble Stanley lived. No braver name
Glows in the golden roll of all his sires
Or all their peers. His was the heart that fires,
The eloquent tongue, and his the eye whose aim
Alone half-quelled his foe. He struck for Power
(And Power in England is a hero's prize),
Yet he could throw it from him. Those whose eyes,
See not for tears, remember in this hour,
That he was oft from Homer's page beguiled
To frame some "wonder for a happy child."

1869.

"GIB."

WHEN gentle France gives up Algiers,
Prussia the kingdoms lately gripped,
Off from Circassia Russia sheers,
And Sam's Red Indians prowl unwhipped:

When Italy surrenders Naples,
Spain's fangs on Cuba's neck unlock,
We'll think about Gibraltar's ape hills,
And then we'll—keep the grand Old Rock.

1869.

FOUND AT RICHMOND.

The old Star and Garter hotel at Richmond was destroyed by fire on January 12.

I SIGHED not at the news that Wednesday bore,
That the Old Star and Garter was no more.
For I'd discounted all the woe I'd got.
I sighed whenever I discharged the shot.

PATERFAMILIAS.

SAME, ANOTHER WAY.

Its food was fair—occasionally nice,
But higher Art was due for such a price :
In the new house they'll give—I trust they will—
A subtler cookery or a gentler bill.

MATERFAMILIAS.

AGAIN.

O, all was lovely, dinner, fruit, and wine,
And that dear darling view was just divine :

A golden glory set upon the sea*
Heaven smiled on earth, and Henry smiled on me.

LILY.

ONCE MORE.

Bother the Star and Garter—glad it's down.
I never hear its name without a frown—
Got tight there, and proposed to Bessy Clay,
And now she nags me thirty times a day.

JEREMIAH SNEAK.

WHAT, ANOTHER?

When, a gay bachelor, down there I dined,
And at a friend's expense I ate and wined,
I thought it jolly. Husband, now, and sire,
An onion holds my tears for yonder fire.

BENEDICK.

YOU TOO, M'M.

In courtship days Fred wrote and chose the room,
Ma, him, and me drove in a C-spring brougham.
Later, that squalid railway—cab—bad view—
I feel quite glad the place is down. I do.

XANTIPPE.

* I mean the river, but that don't rhyme.—L.

HULLO!

Sir, I'd a feeling for that house. I write.
I took a publisher, and made him tight,
And, Sir, he gave me on *that* novel's birth,
Twice what I'd asked, and thrice what it was worth.

SCRIBO.

POOR OLD THING.

I hated it. I'd nearly won my game,
He got quite spooney. "Would I change my name?"
His friend had watched—and took him out to smoke,
That sobered him. "Of course he meant a joke."

NOT VERY OLD MAID.

O! GO ON.

I loved the house. I dined there, when engaged,—
Louisa flirted till I got enraged:
I hooked—took her cousin, who's a duck,
And Loo's old dad has smashed. I *say* what luck!

STOCK EXCHANGE.

FOR SHAME.

I went to see the Ruins. I'll explain.
Just for the sake of coming back again.
The way *to* there was plain as any pike—
I'd never known what the road home was like.

YOUNG THIRSTY.

YOU MAY SPEAK.

Dear, dear old house! I popp'd there to Miss Gad,
She frowned, and asked me whether I was mad.
She married Spindleshanks, of Bangalore,
My Lord Penzance can tell you something more.

ESCAPED.

THE LAST, BY JOVE.

There I met Emma, with her guardian Glyn,
She married me: he left us all his tin.
My uncle over-ate himself there. Read
His will. That house was dear to me, indeed.

A CONTENTED MAN.

1870.

HYMN TO SAINT TROFIMUS.

BY EPICURUS ARTHRITICUS.

"The 29th of December is the Feast-day of an Archbishop of Arles, called St. Trofimus, whose bones repose in the church of St. Philip Neri, and have the peculiar virtue of curing people of gout, lumbago, and the rheum, or, as the Italian sacred diary has it, of *podagra* and *chiaragra*. Think of that, ye gouty old gentlemen of England, who sit at home in anything but ease."—*Standard's Correspondent from Rome.*

SAINT TROFIMUS, Saint Trofimus, assist me, I implore,
Your saintly and respected name I never heard before:
Excuse me that I write to you, although we've never met,
You're far too kind a gentleman to stand on etiquette.

My dear Saint Trofimus, don't mind my swearing, but
my groans,
And make no bones of lending me the virtue of your
bones.
I own I am a Protestant, my light is small and dim,
But who can help protesting when *podagra* claws his
limb?

And you've been off, Saint Trofimus, quite long enough
to know
How paltry the dissensions that embroil us here
below—
Still, as you're claimed by Catholics, as Catholic I sue.
Confiteor—I'll confess: if that's the proper thing to do.

Yes, *culpa mea!* I have loved, and fear may love
again,
Hock, Sherry, Chablis, Burgundy, Moselle, Yquem,
Champagne,
Lafitte, Old Port, Noyeau, Chartreuse, Madeira,
Punch in ice;
And, golly! good Saint Trofimus, ain't Maraschino
nice?

Yes, *mea magna culpa!* "when the Turtle's voice is
heard"
I always take three plates, not always stopping at the
third:

When other soups are going, and I'm puzzled to take which,
Richesse oblige, I make a choice of that as looks most rich.

And when they bait for me with fish, a capture I must be—
(I'm sure your friend St. Antony will say a word for me)
Dressed fish, Saint Trofimus, that sendeth transcendental steam,
With luscious soft concomitants, and sauce—a poet's dream.

Truffles, Saint Trofimus, I take in every given form,
Enriching other viands, or in paste alone, and warm:
They keep me humble, dear Saint T., upon my word they do,
They preach a lesson that a man's himself a fungus too.

I eat of each *entrée*, dear Saint, in part because I like,
(Clean is the breast I make on which in penitence I strike),
But one little good intention to my credit place, I pray,
A hostess does not like to see her dishes sent away.

And on through stately dinners (and I go to all I can)
To eat and drink of everything is my poor simple plan,
And pastries and confections, all the things that ladies take,
I take 'em, too, and fancy 'tis for those dear ladies' sake.

Reluctantly, good Saint, I let or dish or wine go by,
We should prove all things—can I tell what's best until I try?
But then at night, to counteract aught that might disagree,
I swig two jolly brandy-grogs—sometimes, I fancy, three.

I take but little exercise, it really seems so hard
From honest gains a cabman should unkindly be debarred.
I don't much care for riding on the horses that they job,
And my weight would be oppressive to a steady-minded cob.

And I have gout! Saint Trofimus, which makes me wince and roar,
And wonder what I've done to earn a punishment so sore,

And then the doctor comes, not kind, but grinning like
a Ghoul,
"I told you how 'twould be," says he, "why *are* you
such a Fool?"

He ties me up in flannels, says I'm not to drink or
eat,
He gives me beastly drugs, and Vichy water for a
treat;
And when I cry for opiates, the fiend without remorse
Says, "No; the gout's a remedy, and it must take its
course."

I am so stiff, I am so cross, no living tongue can tell,
If my foot touches aught that's hard, incontinent I
yell,
My wrists have caught it too, dear Saint, which tempts
me oft to swear;
I cannot fold a journal, write a note, or comb my
hair.

One's utter helplessness is, perhaps, the worst thing in
the gout:
These very lines I dictate to my nephew (who's a lout)
And instead of writing rapidly when once my word
he's got,
The stupid donkey looks at me, and fatuously says,
"What?"

The world's a blank, all folks are fools, and everything goes wrong,
The very hours have got the gout, and now are twice as long.
O cure me, dear Saint Trofimus, *and send me back again*
To Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy, Yquem, Lafitte, Champagne.

1870.

TWO WRETCHES.

"WHAT a woman will do in a specified case,
Not the wisest of men will declare;"
"Cockalorum, you're right," said Bernando so base,
"And the wiser, the less he will—care."

1870.

ANOTHER VERSION.

"Arndt this good?"

WHAT is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is't where unfinished Paul's doth stand,
Is't where Boyne William, stern, doth frown,
Or where Sir Walter, calm, sits down?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-land?
Is't little Wales's mountains grand,
Is't where Australia's cattle grazes,
Or where Maöris fight like blazes?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
No fellah seems to understand:
Is't where Victoria's gentle sway
Makes Indian millions, pleased, obey.
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is it the grim Heligoland,*
Whereof Tom Campbell took and wrote
A ghastly song about a Boat?
O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
Is it the brave Canadian strand
Whereof Tom Moore he took and wrote
A pleasing song about a Boat?

* Bad rhyme, Mr. Poet.—ED. Same as in original, Sir.—POET.

O no! O no! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land?
(My patience drops its final sand)—
'Tis known by *bâton* and by hunch—
'Tis where all good folk read their *Punch*—
Where *Punch* is seen in every hand,
There! there's the Briton's Father-Land!

1870.

ON A THEATRICAL NUISANCE.

PERCHED in a box which cost her not a *sou*,
Giglina chatters all the evening through,
Fidgets with opera-glass, and flowers, and shawls,
Annoys the actors, irritates the stalls.
Forgive her harmless pride—the cause is plain—
She wants us all to know she's had champagne.

1870.

"RELIABLE."

(A MILD PROTEST.)

SHUT up a party who uses "Reliable"
When he means "Trustworthy:" 'tis undeniable
That his excuses are flimsy and friable,
And his conceptions of grammar most pliable.

No doubt he'd pronounce this line's last word enviable:
Invent, for bad fish (which he'd sell) the word "criable,"
Say that his faded silk hat might be dyeable,
And accent French vilely—allude to *le diable.*
If his name's William, 'twould be most enj'yable
To see Mr. Calcraft preparing to tie a Bill.
Now let Punch hope he has stamped out "Reliable."

1871.

TO PRESIDENT ODGER.

BY AN UN-READ REPUBLICAN.

(*Found in St. James's Hall, after the Hindignation Meeting.*)

O ODGER, my Codger, you ain't half a dodger,
The way to succeed in this world is success;
I'm blessed if your chances of being a lodger
In Buckingham Palace ain't all in a mess.

You can git elected, you talk quite dejected,
Your colleagues sits grinning, your spirits to cow;
And then any meeting at which you're expected
Melts out in a mull, or busts up in a row.

Comé, show you're worth something—the public's a doubter;
A King, says the Swells, is a Cove as "Can *do*;"
To go by *your* doings thus far, my old spouter,
I'm blowed if I'd bet you could cobble a shoe.

Flare hup! my bold Brutus, and make a diskivery
Of brains—make a boot with a brave double-sole,
And send it to Brumpting by Parcels Delivery,
With President Odger's kind love to King Cole.

1871.

THE SWORD OF MERCY.

"Mr. Paget, the eminent surgeon, has received a baronetcy."

THANKS for the word, good Queen, which thou hast said—
"Give the Red Hand to Paget, wise and brave:"
For when *his* firm and gentle hand is red,
'Tis dyed that he may succour, or may save.

1871.

WELL SAID, SIRE!

"I am impelled above all things to give expression to my humble thanks for the Historic Successes which have blessed the armies of Germany."—*Emperor to the Reichstag, March* 21.

A BRACE of approximate words well expresses
The difference 'twixt Gallic idea and Teutonic:
The German aspires to Historic successes,
The Frenchman's are nothing unless Histrionic.

1871.

PROBATUM EST.

One loss has a companion always. *Semper*,
When people lose their train, they lose their temper.

1871.

A THOUGHT IN THE TOWER.

OCTOBER 17, 1871. THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN FOX BURGOYNE TOOK PLACE, THIS DAY, IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

"YE towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,"
'Tis fit he rest amid your fortress-pile ;
For, above battles, 'tis his nobler fame
That other fortresses defend our isle.

Perchance a yet more lasting shame than yours
History had bid with Albion's name to join,
But for each guardian bulwark that endures
As Albion's monument to brave Burgoyne.

1871.

HONOURS DESERVED.

"Baron Rothschild has this year won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and One Thousand Guineas, an achievement never before accomplished by one individual."

PRAISE Rothschild's "honest racing," and the voice
Of the base betting gang is raised in fury:
But Jewry's triumphs bid all men rejoice,
Save those who ought to stand before a Jury.

1871.

ON A FALSE RUMOUR.

"THE Arch of Triumph Down!" Not so.
Half is the truth, which we deplore:
France's proud Arch is still a show;
'Tis France's Triumph that's no more.

1871.

STAMPS IN LETTERS.

IT seems that Post-Men, evil scamps,
Steal, because they can smell, our stamps:
Therefore, when sending them, you'd better
(A lady writes) perfume your letter:
And with the profit be content;
'Twill be a case of *scent per scent.*

1871.

POETIC CLASSICS FOR PROSAIC READERS.

THRICE GRACIOUS MR. PUNCH,

It seems to me that the now favourite form of poetry might be used for the instruction of the rising generation. I have, therefore, put the list of the Roman Kings into verse, and, if this meets your approval, I will do all the Consuls of Rome, and then all the Lord Mayors of London.

Yours deferentially,

ORBILIUS FLAGELLATOR.

I.

THE first King of Rome was called Romulus.
His position was slightly anomalous,
Him we cannot esteem, as
He killed brother Remus,
For reading him cynical homilies.

II.

The second was Numa Pompilius.
His subjects were really so silly as
To believe he was taught
By a nymph whom he caught
In a grot. Let's be glad we know *melius*.

III.

The third was named Tullus Hostilius.
It's uncertain of whom he was *filius*;
But certain his vows
Brought down fire on his house,
For his incense made Jupiter bilious.

IV.

The fourth he was called Ancus Martius,
Who was full of most laudable vartues;
His Majesty's action
Gave much satisfaction,
And he probably wore fine moustarchois.

V.

The fifth was Tarquinius and Priscus;
He was proud of his wife and his whiskers;
Two Princes he'd chiselled
(When Ancus had mizzled),
Took and broke his old head with a discus.

VI.

The sixth he was called Servius Tullius;
On reforms he could talk quite as dully as
Any Taylor, or Odger,
Or Democrat codger,
Of that sort, who stands up to *bul*-ly us.

VII.

The Last was Tarquinius Superbus,
(His wife o'er her father drove her 'bus),
He turned out such a brute,
That Rome upped with her foot,
And—cried, "There! No more Kings shall disturb us."

1871.

WAGGAWOCKY.

A parody on "Jabberwocky, the Chattertonian poem" in Mr. Lewis Carroll's fairy book "Alice through the Looking Glass."

Merely interpolating the note that the word "wabe" is explained by the Poet to mean "a grassplot round a sun-dial," but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon *waube*, a wig-shop, Mr. Punch proceeds to dress the prophetic ode in plain English :—

'Twas Maytime, and the lawyer coves
Did gibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawock, my son,
The eyelid twitch, the knees' incline,
Beware the Baigent network, spun
For gallant Ballantine."

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawock, *sans* ruth or shame,
Came lumbering to the witness box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue! untrue!" Then, through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.

1872.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

(IMPROVED FROM WATTS AND GLADSTONE.)

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you,
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not like again:
But if men do and say to you
That which is neither kind nor true,
Take a good stick, and say to men,
"Don't say or do that same again."

1872.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

"The Washington Treaty promises to inaugurate a new and blessed era, when force and fraud shall be alike unknown," &c.—*Ministerial Organs.*

When the Millennium was Dean Milman's theme,
He briefly labelled it "a Jewish dream:"
Of our Millennial Treaty, Cockburn, rude,
Says, "Statesmen dreamed, and Johnny Bull is Jew'd."

1872.

ANATHEMA IN EXCELSIS.

Creed of St. Athanasius? No, indeed.
Call it, good priests, the Anathemasian Creed.

1872.

WHAT ELSE DID HE DO?

So! The Bakers must strike, and each Mater, dismayed,
Must look out for her private purveyor or sutler.
There's a toast will go frequently round, we're afraid;
"A health to King Pharoah,—*who pardoned the—Butler.*"

1872.

WHAT THE BOX SAYS.

"Lord Granville, by gracious command of Her Majesty, has sent to Mr. Stanley, the intrepid discoverer of Livingstone, a gold snuff-box richly set in brilliants."

HER Majesty sends you a snuff-box, brave Stanley;
The gift holds a hint which my Majesty adds—
'Tis that you, the undaunted, successful and manly,
Should turn up your nose at all cavilling cads.

1872.

LATEST FROM NEWGATE.

No fools are found the Wagga-wock to bail;
So he who lied in Court still lies in Gaol.

1872.

"WHY SHOULD THE POOR BE FLATTERED?"

Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1.

"WHY should the Poor be flattered?"
Art foolish, *Hamlet*, trow?
All else are torn and tattered,
None else are flattered now.

Your *Clown*, our race accusing,
Declared our wits astray:
We beat him at abusing
Ourselves. Behold our way!

Our Queen mis-spends her income,
Her Court's all fashion's slaves,
The Lords are feeble Ninkum-
Poops, and the Commons, knaves.

Our soldiers are no fighters,
Our sailors cannot sail,
Our bishops shame their mitres,
Our merchants cheat and fail.

Our doctors live by quacking,
Our lawyers lie by fees,
Our authors' brains are lacking,
Our priests teach what they please.

Our matrons hear "two-meaning,"
Are not averse to *schnappes*,
Our maidens boast a leaning
To Popes—or pigeon-traps.

Our sculptors can't make figures,
Our painters vamp and scamp,
Our minstrels might please niggers,
Our players lounge or stamp.

Our architects are Vandals,
Unfit to rear a stone;
Our music-writers Handels
To no ears but their own.

Only the so-called Worker,
The Stalwart Son of Toil,
Never from *that* a shirker,
Never in brawl or broil.

That sober, saving Being,
The nation's "heart and core,"
Him we are all agreeing
To flatter—and much more.

For him we muzzle quoters
Of Smith or Malthus laws,
For him we muzzle voters,
Would muzzle thirsty jaws.

For him we spurn the maxim
"Only the taught should rule."
One who would teach or tax him
Would now be called a fool.

"Why should the poor be flattered?"
You pause for a reply—
But, if our brains are battered,
Dear *Hamlet*, don't ask why.

1872.

TO THE STATE COACHMAN.

(SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN THE NEW Q. R.)

"CANNING did not know that tadpoles
Turn to frogs." Each fool explodes:
But that Queller of the Yelpers
Knew that patriots turn to toads.

Gladstone goes in for omniscience;
Does the team obey the bit
As when Pam's whip stung with banter,
Or when Canning's cut with wit?

William! Punch, who likes you, counsels—
Mix some humour with your zeal,
Making humbugs think is hopeless:
Be content to make them *feel.*

1872.

THE VERY LAST IDYLL.

THE FEAST.

When good King Arthur ruled this land, he ruled it like a king,
He stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding;
A bag pudding the king did make, and stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat as big as his two thumbs.
The King and Queen they ate thereof, and noblemen beside,
And what they couldn't eat that night, the Queen next morning fried.

Legend.

Then, dinner ended, spake the blameless King
Unto his knights, and unto Guinevere,
Who sat as one had dined, yet discontent,
Moulding her napkin into many forms,
And scorning at them all: "The truth is this:
Our cook, though very worthy, O my Queen,
Hath nought of genius, and we dine to-day
As yesterday and many yesterdays,
And no new order takes the place of old.
Thou dost not make this meal so sweet to me
That I, the King, do greatly care to eat."

Then in her shrewish way muttered the Queen:
"My fault, my fault, and evermore my fault!
That dish is never grudged the Table Round.
Lo, thou art King, and that should mean 'Can do,'
Canst thou do aught in the provision line?"

"Yea," said the King, and that time said no more,
But winked at Lancelot, as a man should say
Small triumph wins a husband when he chides.
And Lancelot dropped his eyes, and sat demure,
Unwilling to offend or Queen or King.
And mindful, maybe, of the woesome fate
That came on him who, daring to come in
When man and wife had passed from word to blow,
Bore two black eyes off, one conferred by each.
But Arthur ruling, ruled it like a king.
And girding on Excalibur, went forth,
Followed by wily Vivien, caring not
That wink and jest pursued her to the door,
Which reached, she cried, "O Arthur, O my lord,
I know thy thought, and humble though I be,
A humble bee may guide you. May I speak?"
He cared not much for her companionship,
Less for herself, yet gently answered, "Speak!"
And Vivien answered, smiling wickedly,
"Sweet are stolen waters, stolen kisses sweet,
(If that the blameless King permit the words)
And why not stolen meal? Behind yon hedge
A hermit dwells, an awful humbug too,
Loud in his prayers, but louder in his cups,
And prompt to kneel, but never half so prompt
As when he cannot stand. By this the cheat
Hath drunk his deepest, and sent up his snore:
He hath great store of meal, which simple fools

Bring to ameliorate his fancied woes;
'Tis of the finest that the miller grinds.
'Twere very meet that you should steal the same."
And Arthur, making answer, said, "I will."
Then laughed the wilful Vivien to herself,
"Easy to theft is moved the blameless King;
But he and all his knights and the sweet Queen
Have hollow hearts which wear transparent masks
It glads my own to see." And then they went,
Arthur and Vivien, raised the hermit's latch,
Entered the cottage where the good old man
Lay grunting like a swine, and from his hoards
They took their packs of choicest barley meal,
And proudly bore them to the Table Round.
There Guinevere still gazed on Lancelot.
But that most noble knight, large Lancelot,
Seemed for the time less noble than himself,
And suffering or from supper or the wine
(Brought there from France by one called Gilded-Helm,
Knight of the Stone of Gladness) or the pang
Of conscience that he flirted with his Queen,
Sat grumpy, nor returned her pleasant gaze,
But stuck his fork right through the table-cloth,
As he were stabbing some displeasing friend.
Laying the meal-sack on the Table Round,
And not displeased to see that Lancelot sulked,
Thus to his Queen spake forth the blameless King;

"Lo, I, the King, have shown what I Can Do.
Do thou thy part, and help."
"Yea, lord," she said,
"Your will is mine." And saying that she choked,
(Her wine, it maybe, going the wrong way)
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Moved to the kitchen, and flung down the meal.

Then Arthur, baring both his manly arms,
Made a bag-pudding, stuffing it with plums,
And putting in sweet lumps of richest fat
As large as two of his big royal thumbs:
Then tying it, the Queen with vehement act
Dashed it within a splendid silver pan
(Like Lancelot's helmet, bitterly she thought)
And set it firmly on the vigorous fire
("Where I could set him," bitterly she said).
"O madam!" cried the little maid hard by.
"Who spoke to you?" she said, and smote her ears.

And when the fulness of the time was come,
And emptiness for hunger, came the knights,
And with them Lancelot and the blameless King,
And also Guinevere with lily hands
Cleansed in fair water of the kitchen smirch,
And sat to supper, and the Pudding came,
Whereat the joyous knights gave forth a shout
Had split the Eildon Hill into three parts

But that the trick had been already done,
And all fell to, the blameless King and Queen,
They ate thereof, and noblemen beside.
And Vivien deigned to taste, but scoffing, said,
"The full-fed liars feed on stolen meal."
And gentle Arthur bad the wine-cup flow,
Not now with Gild-Helm's mixture, but a draught
Imported by a knight of Burgundy)
So rich, so radiant, and so ravishing
That fourscore silver pieces scarcely bought
As many flagons as the year hath months,
And the good Rabelais had said, if there,
"O sweet and heavenly sound to hear them laugh!"

Then with regained fine temper, said the Queen,
Taking her husband's hand into her own,
(It may be, glad that Lancelot was riled)
"Dear Lord, and is thy wife so ill a cook?"

Then Arthur, pulling at her golden hair,
As one instructs a kind but wayward child,
"Thou!" said the King. "Well, I may call that cheek,
Yet will not, looking on that cheek of thine.
Thou hast done well, my Queen, and very well,
And I, the King, for self and company,
Remain thy much obliged and humble servant,
And drink thy health!" Then the old rafters rang,

"Our Queen and Pudding!"

And the blameless King
Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent,
Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought
But Dead Sea apples and the acts of Apes."

Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;
She knew that duty, and it should be done:
So what of pudding on that festal night
Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests,
The Queen upon the following morning fried.

1873.

RITUAL AND RAPPING.

(OR, THE TABLES TURNED.)

No more high spiritual things
The grovelling Pastor handles;
He gloats on censers, crosiers, rings,
Albs, chasubles, and candles.

The Layman, scorning all we see,
And all this globe inherits,
Plays idiot tunes in other key
And scares himself with spirits.

1873.

A MOTTO VINDICATED.

"Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the new Solicitor-General, has received the honour of knighthood."

"Sir William Harcourt observes that," &c.—*Times, passim.*

"Sir William now, he talks like other folks,"
But the prænomen this remark provokes—
Why "William," and not "Vernon?" Every fool
His *ver non semper viret* learned at school:
So Harcourt flourishes, and merit's crowned,
And withering Vernon flutters to the ground.

1873.

OUR CONCESSION TO ROME.

"His Holiness has lately delivered an address in which he compared himself to Tobit."—*Roman News.*

Dear Father, we love you, but surely 'twas no bit
Of luck, that suggestion of likeness to Tobit:
By miracle Tobit grew blind to the light;
You claim to possess a miraculous sight.
But one thing we hasten to grant, nothing loth,
The stories, dear *Père*, are Apocryphal—*both.*

1873.

FIRST NEWS OF THE "CHALLENGER."

[The *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent on board states that the first dredging has resulted in the discovery here immortalised.]

NEWS from the *Challenger*, nothing ridiculous!
One Ocean Secret's already disclosed,
The *Gonotryx*, O, the delightful *pisiculus!*
Lives a deal deeper than Science supposed.
Then hey for the Gonotryx, Gonotryx, Gonotryx!
Jolly young Gonotryx, swimming so free;
And soon may the *Challenger's* trawlings and bonny tricks
Drag more jolly news from the jolly old sea.

1873.

A HINT.

(IMPROVED FROM SHAKESPEARE.)

"WHEN that I was a little tiny boy,"
And used bad words because of rain,
My parents with reverse of joy,
Reversed *me*, and—I shared their pain.
But now I've come to man's estate,
And curse kind rains in language rash,
There's no one who can smite my pate
For talking thankless, idiot trash.

1873.

DON'T WE?

We're informed that in Happy Japan,
Folks are free to believe what they can ;
But if they come teaching,
And preaching and screeching,
They go off to gaol in a van.
Don't you wish *this* was happy Japan?

1873.

ELECTION EPIGRAMS.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

He's in, below a Tory. O' my word,
He's lucky that he wasn't over-Boord.

Rt. Hon. W. Forster.

Against the spiteful pietists spat prayers :
Too big a bird to catch with Salt like theirs.

Daniel Grant.

Forsyth, forsooth, is foremost. Daniel's down.
It serves him right for shutting out Tom Brown

J. A. Roebuck.

A well-earned laurel, brave and veteran knight,
"And at the eventide there shall be light."

Guildford Onslow.

A doubly bitter blow, O Knight of Grot,
A cousin's hand consigneth thee to pot.

Mr. Cotes.

The pen that now congratulates thee, Cotes,
Helped to secure thy sire North Shropshire votes.

Mr. Horsman.

Eh! nearly off, my Horseman. Only 5.
But turn in toes, sit square, and look alive.

Mr. Peter Taylor.

Peter comes back to blubber if a gaoler
Scores a garotting brute with extra whaler.

Mr. Ayrton.

O! mildest Indian, have they turned thee out?
This comes of too much gentleness. Be stout.

Mr. Whalley.

What, in again! Our happiness is thorough.
A health to Earlswood, and to Peterborough!

Mr. Jacob Bright.

And thou extruded! Sadder this, and sadder!
We thought our John would be our Jacob's ladder.

Sir J. Pakington.

Droitwitch, a very sneaking thing to do.
Maker of fleets, we'll find a berth for you.

On Three.

My Lucraft, and my Potter, and my Odger!
Where's workman's confidence in working codger?

1874.

THE SITUATION.

(FEBRUARY, 1874.)

GLADSTONE spake unto the Nation,
"If you'd have me keep my station,
Vote your wish that I'd do so."
He dissolved; and then the Nation
Answered, without hesitation,
"Dearest William—you can go."

1874.

THE END.

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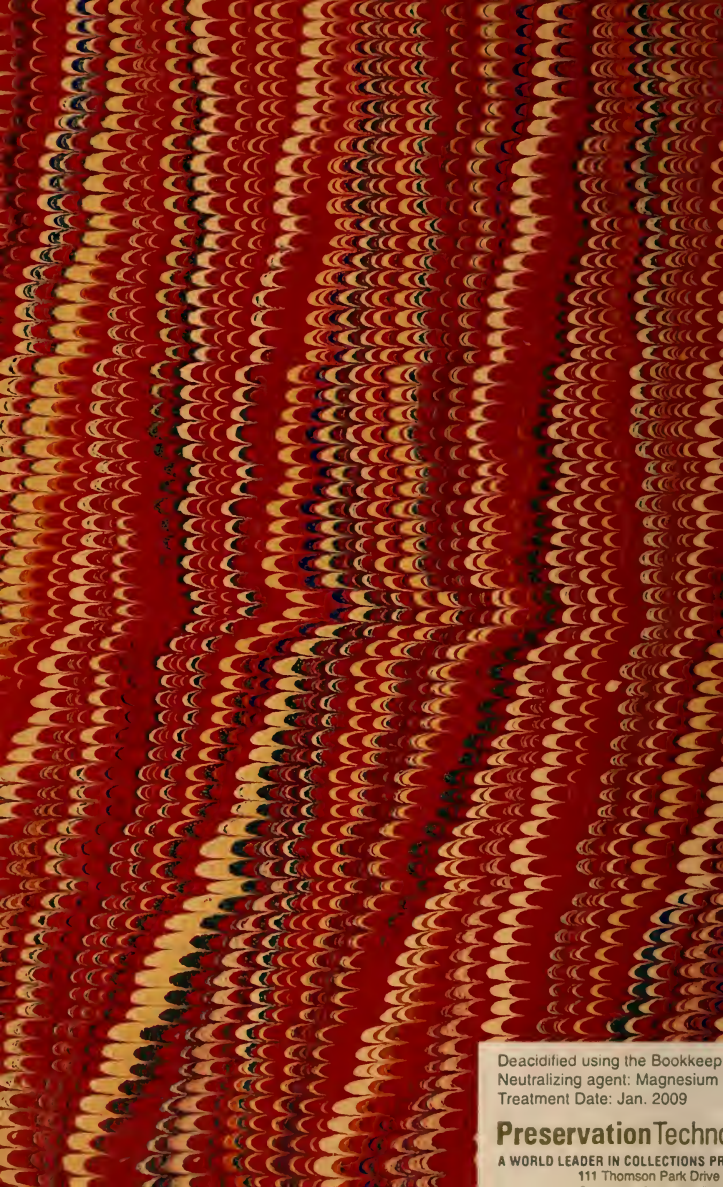
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